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THE QUIET MAN.

Why the Subject of Dueling Was Distasteful to Him.

"I've seen a good many strange things in my time, as you know, but I never yet told you about the strangest of them all; and I can promise you that it's a story worth hearing."

So spake Gen. R——, as we sat side by side in the veranda of his snug little house in one of the northwestern provinces of India, watching the sun sink behind the endless line of stately palm trees that stood ranged like plumed soldiers along the opposite bank of the river.

"Suppose you tell it me now, general," suggested I, guessing from the grave look on the old hero's weather-beaten face that the forthcoming story must have deeper interest than any of his ordinary campaigning anecdotes.

"I don't mind if I do," answered the veteran, "for although it is an affair that I have no great pleasure in looking back upon, it taught me a good lesson, if only I had the sense to profit by it.

"When I was quite a young fellow and hadn't long joined the army," he resumed after a pause, "I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels—as wild as could be, always in some scrape or other, and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling or fishing—all except one.

"That one was a small, quiet, pale-faced, gray-haired man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had once been crushed by some great sorrow and had never been able to shake it off. He hardly ever spoke to anyone, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face. So, of course, we made great fun of him among ourselves, finding these quiet ways of his a very queer contrast to our own rackety, harum-scarum style, and we nicknamed him the 'Quietest Man in the Club,' though, indeed, we might just as well have called him the only quiet man in it.

"Well, one evening when the room was pretty full and our friend, the Quiet Man, was sitting, as usual, in the far corner, away from everybody else, we began to talk about dueling, a subject with which we were all tolerably familiar, for there was hardly a man among us who hadn't been 'out' once.

"They did some tidy dueling in the old times," said Lord H——, who was killed afterward in action, 'You remember how those six chums of Harry III. of France fought three to three till there was only one left alive out of the six.'

"That was pretty fair, certainly,' cried Charlie Thornton, of the Guards; 'but, after all, it doesn't beat the great duel thirty years ago between Sir Harry Martingale and Col. Fortescue.'

"He had hardly spoken when up jumped the quiet man as if somebody had stuck a pin into him.

"'What on earth's the matter with him?' whispered Thornton. 'I never saw him like that before.'

"'But what was the story, then, Charlie?' asked another man. 'I've heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duelist of his kind in all England, and I've heard of his fight with Martingale, too; but I don't think I've ever had any particulars, or at least none worth speaking of.'

"'I can give them to you, then,' answered Thornton; 'for my uncle was Martingale's second. I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he always said that although he had been in plenty of duels, he had never seen one like that, and never wanted to see it again. What they quarreled about I don't know, and I dare say they didn't know themselves; but my uncle used to say he knew by the look in their eyes when they took their places to fire that it could not end without blood, and it didn't. They fired twice, and every shot told; and then their seconds, seeing that both men were hard hit and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue—who was one of those grim fellows who are always most dangerous toward the end of a fight—insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Martingale fired a moment too soon, and gave him a bad wound in the side; but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost bent double with pain though he was, he fired and brought down his man.'

"'Killed him?'

"'Rather—shot him slap through the heart. But it was his last duel, for from that day he was never heard of again: and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken heart.'

"'Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for, after all, it was a fair fight,' struck in Lord H——, who had been looking over the newspapers on the table; 'but if you talk of dueling, what do you say to this?

"'"Another Dueling Tragedy in Paris. The notorious Prussian bully and duelist, Armand de Villeneuve, has just added another wreath to his blood-stained laurels, the new victim being Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a fine young fellow of twenty-three, the only son of a widowed mother. Some strong expressions of disgust used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Villeneuve's former duels having come to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable. The chevalier having fired first and missed, De Villeneuve called out to him: "Look to the second buttonhole of your coat!" and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent, who expired half an hour later in great agony. His mother is said to be broken-hearted at his death. How much longer, we wonder, will this savage be allowed to offer these human sacrifices to his own inordinate vanity?"'

"Just then I happened to look up and saw the Quiet Man rise slowly from the chair with a face so changed that it startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disappear bodily, and another man rise up in his stead. I had once seen an oil painting abroad in which an avenging angel was hurling lightnings upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that is just how that man looked at that moment. He glanced at his watch and then came across the room and went quickly out.

"The next night, and the next, and the next after that, the Quiet Man didn't appear at the club, and we all began to wonder what could have become of him. But when I came in on the fourth evening there he was, though he looked—as it seemed to me—rather paler and feebler than usual.

"'Here's news for you, Fred,' called out Charlie Thornton. 'That rascally French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met his match at last; and Dr. Lansett, of the ——th Bengal native infantry, who saw the whole affair, is just going to tell us all about it.'

"'Well, this is how it happened,' began the doctor. 'In passing through Paris I stopped to visit my old friend, Col. De Malet, and he and I were strolling through the Tuileries gardens when suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd: "Here comes De Villeneuve!" Then the throng parted, and I had just time to catch a glimpse of the bully's tall figure and long black mustache when a man stepped forth from the crowd and said something to him, and then suddenly dealt him a blow.

"'Then there was a rush and clamor of voices and everybody came crowding round so that I couldn't see anything; but presently De Malet came up to me and said: "Lansett, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have a chance of showing your surgery, for De Villeneuve never wounds without killing."

"'Just then the crowd opened and I saw, to my amazement, that this man who had insulted and defied the most terrible fighter in all France was a slim little fellow, with a pale, meager face.

"'"As I am the challenged party, I have the right to choose weapons," we heard him say, quite coolly, "and I choose swords."

"'"Are you mad!" cried De Malet, seizing his arm; "don't you know De Villeneuve's the deadliest swordsman in Europe? Choose pistols—give yourself a chance!"

"'"Pistols may miss—swords can't," answered the stranger in a tone of such savage determination that every one who heard him—even De Villeneuve himself, furious though he was—gave a kind of shiver. "I had vowed never to fight again, save with a man who deserved to die; but you have deserved well by your cold-blooded murders, and die you shall!"

"'Where both sides were so eager to fight, there was no need of much preparation. They met that evening, Col. de Malet being the stranger's second, and another French officer acting for De Villeneuve.

"'As a rule, De Villeneuve was as cool on the ground as if he had been at a picnic, but at this time he was as wild and fierce as a tiger, partly, no doubt, from having been insulted before so many of his admirers, but also because he had found out that the stranger was an Englishman, and he hated everything English like poison. But more terrible than all his fury was the cold, stern, pitiless calmness of the Englishman's face, as if he felt certain of his man.

"'They fought for some time without a scratch on either side, and then suddenly the Englishman stumbled forward, exposing his left side. Quick as lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's shirt was all crimson with blood, but the moment he felt the steel pierce him he made a thrust with all his might, and buried his sword up to the hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I understood that he had deliberately laid himself open to his opponent's weapon in order to make sure of killing him; so he had, for De Villeneuve never spoke again.'

"Just as the doctor said this, down fell a chair with a great crash, and looking up we saw the Quiet Man trying to slip past us to the door. Dr. Lansett sprang up and caught him by both hands.

"'You here?' he cried. 'Let me congratulate you upon having punished, as he deserved, the most cold-hearted cutthroat in existence. I trust your wound does not pain you much?'

"'What?' we all shouted, 'was it he who killed De Villeneuve?'

"'Indeed it was,' answered the doctor, 'and it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw.'

"We all jumped from our chairs and came crowding around the hero, setting up a cheer that made the air ring, but he looked at us so sadly and darkly that it made the shout die upon our lips.

"'Ah, lads! lads!' said he, in a tone of deep dejection, 'for heaven's sake don't praise a man for having shed blood and destroyed life. I killed that ruffian as I would have killed a wild beast, to save those whom he would have slaughtered; but God help the man who shall take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger! If you wish to know what happiness a successful duelist enjoys, look at me. Do you remember that story which Capt. Thornton told here the other night about the duel in which Col. Fortescue, the "famous duellist," as you called him, killed Sir Henry Martingale?'

"'To be sure,' answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared; 'but what of it?'

"'I was once Col. Fortescue,' was the answer."—Saturday Review and Republic.

The Perfect Ear.

In McClure's Magazine Prof. Henry Drummond discusses the question of where man got his ears. Nature, he holds, seldom makes anything new; her method of creation is to adopt something old. So when land animals were determined on, and nature started out to manufacture ears for them, she made them out of old breathing apparatus. She saw, Prof. Drummond contends, that if water could pass through a hole in the neck, such as fishes have, sound could pass likewise, therefore she brought certain species adapted to her purpose to shore, and set to work upon the five gill-slits and elaborated the whole in a hearing organ. This was not a quick process, but the slow labor of ages, but finally was produced the perfect ear, and man was not created until the work was done.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

TORTOISES have been known to live 200 years.

THE largest mammoth tusk yet discovered was 16 feet.

AT THE equator the average annual rainfall is 100 inches.

THE cost of a one-man sea-diving apparatus for a depth of 200 feet is $575.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has been janitor of a Kentucky church for 30 years.

A MULE owned by residents at Crowden Creek, N. C., is reported to be nearly half a century old.

THE BOY BATTALION.

Why They Did Not End the Civil War.

In those stirring days back in the sixties the drums, flags and long lines of marching men took captive the hearts and fired the imagination of boys. Marbles, bats, tops and balls were exchanged for military implements and trappings. Every urchin became a soldier; every squad of boys a company or battalion.

So eager were we, in our North Carolina neighborhood, to fill our ranks and outdo the neighboring plantations, that all manner of recruits were gladly received and enlisted, including our negro playfellows, and on a pinch even our sisters and girl cousins.

After a time we grew tired of drilling and longed for more stirring service. The men had gone to the front and our hearts had gone with them. Our motley companies were disbanded one by one, and the more enterprising boys of the neighborhood began to discuss the advisability of a forced march to the seat of war.

To such a proceeding we were quite sure our mothers would object. But had they not, in some cases, opposed the enlistment of our fathers? We heard the loud cry on all sides, that it was every one's duty to do his utmost to end the war.

Just then we found in the garrets of our homes several long-forgotten lots of military accoutrements used by relatives in the Mexican war, or in militia drills. That decided the matter. Now we could equip ourselves.

A marching column, comprised of Ned Tippet, Mark Lanny, Tom Mallet, myself and several smaller boys, was instantly formed.

We were to muster at the Creek Bridge at daybreak. Of course we were too much excited the night before to sleep. We were all on hand before the day broke, and the boy battalion was formed. We wore huge light-horse helmets, made of leather, decked with trailing horsehair and shaped like the helmet of Alexander the Great, beside cutaway coats radiant with buff trimmings and brass buttons. The coat sleeves were rolled up so that we might have the use of our hands, and under the lining of the helmets leaves were stuffed to keep them from dropping down over our faces.

We had an armament that we felt must be decisive. Indeed, we wondered how our elders could have overlooked such irresistible weapons; and we counted ourselves the most fortunate of beings in having discovered them.

I bore a sword which no less an authority than Uncle Primus, the carriage-driver, declared to be nearly sharp enough to shave with. Ned had a pistol which discharged six shots without reloading. Mark had one which required no cocking, but was fired by the pulling of the trigger, and Tom had a rifle that would kill at a distance of a mile.

The fact that I had a sword of course made me captain. After inspecting the guns to see if they were all loaded, and ordering to their homes all recruits under nine years old—I was twelve—for the reason that they were too small and had no uniforms or weapons, I shouted the command

"Shoulder-r arms! Forward mar-rch!"

We trudged bravely forward. As soon as the friendly screen of the woods was reached the command was halted, or rather it halted itself, in order that a line of march might be agreed upon.

For two reasons we decided to abandon the highway and strike across the country. One reason was that we wished to surprise the enemy and end the war with a volley. The other reason, and the chief one, was that the most formidable enemies of the expedition in the persons of our mothers held the rear and would doubtless give pursuit along the road.

So, filing off by the left flank, we struck out through the woods and fields. The thorns and briers seemed thicker than we had ever before known them and the gullies closer together and deeper. But filled with enthusiasm, we pressed manfully forward.

The sun crept slowly up, becoming hotter every moment. Our weapons grew heavier, and our military coats seemed to be larger and longer with every step we made. Hunger reminded us that we had not only left home without breakfast, but that in organizing we had also entirely overlooked the commissary department!

To our minds a soldier was a fighter, pure and simple. We had never for an instant associated soldiering with eating. That the soldier might get killed was likely; that he might get hungry we had not dreamed of.

My men began to murmur, and now and then to halt and look back. I urged them on, reminding them that it was a soldier's duty to suffer and even die for his country, and that the more he did of both, the greater and truer soldier he was. With many other cheering words that I had picked up, from listening to the grown people, I exhorted my army to do its duty.

But in spite of all I could do the command began to straggle so badly that I was forced to detail Private Lanny as rear guard, with strict orders to keep the men in line. But as the rear guard itself soon began to straggle, I was forced to quit my place at the head of the column and fill that place myself, urging my men on, sword in hand.

After awhile we began to skirt a pasture in which grew many persimmon trees. Among them was a dead one, to whose branches some of last year's fruit still clung. The moment the command espied these, all order was lost. It scrambled over the fence and began to feast.

Knowing that an officer's place was with his men, and also being exceedingly hungry myself, I was not long in joining them. The persimmons must really have been dry and tasteless, but, plentifully sauced with hunger, we thought them the daintiest food we had ever eaten. We swallowed them by handfuls.

While I was in the tree a loud rushing in the leaves of the adjoining woods attracted my attention. We were so tired that I was sure that we must have traversed a vast region, and thought it more than likely that we were at last in face of the enemy. I ordered my men down from the persimmon tree and threw them hurriedly into line. I drew my sword and advanced my force, with cocked pieces, to where wood and pasture met.

Here the noise grew so much louder, indicating the approach of such a superior force, that we halted to decide, by council of war, whether officer or privates ought to occupy the front rank. The privates were sure that the officer should. The officer was equally positive that he should not.

As each party at once set about putting his theory on this point into practice, the company was soon back at the persimmon tree which stood on the crest of the hill. Here we had an open space at our front, and, what seemed just then still more important, an open one in our rear, with a line of retreat downhill.

The rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs swept nearer and nearer. The edge of the wood was reached. The outmost fringe of bushes was now a-quiver.

I have a confused recollection of a roar, a rush of wildly flying earth and leaves, and still more wildly flying helmets and cutaway coats. Then I found myself astride a persimmon limb a safe distance from the ground, which was held by a raving bull. The animal was dividing his attention between my tree and the three others that held the remainder of the battalion.

"Aim! Fire!" I shouted as soon as I took in the situation.

No response came. I repeated the command still louder and more peremptorily, and continued to do so until, having at some risk wriggled myself around on the limb so as to face the battalion, I found that the reason why my soldiers did not fire was that they had nothing to fire.

The armament of the battalion was in the hands, or rather under the feet, of the bull. I reached for my sword only to find it also missing.

The bull took his stand under the tree. The afternoon stretched out into an interminable expanse of time. My persimmon branch became intensely uncomfortable; but still the bull kept watch for us. By and by a thunderstorm arose and made matters much worse.

Accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning that seemed to play around our very heads, and deafening thunderpeals, the rain fell in such torrents that we could scarcely breathe. As the horsehair helmets had been abandoned with our arms, the rain poured into our gaping collars till we were soaked through and through.

Twilight arose from the woods like a black mist and began to envelop us. The rain slackened, but the bull, instead of departing, lay down among the trees, springing to his feet bellowing fearfully if any one of us made an attempt to get down.

I was becoming so chilled and stiff, and my hands were so benumbed with clutching the tree, that several times I was on the point of losing my hold and falling to the ground. From the somewhat unsoldierly sounds of distress that came from the other trees, I inferred that the rest of the battalion were in no better plight than I.

Just as night was swallowing up the world, I made out a dim, decrepit figure hobbling along on the other side of the fence.

"Whut dat up dem trees?" demanded a voice.

"It's me!" sang out with one accord four hoarse and whining voices.

"My goodness alibe, chillun, whut yer mean turnin' tree-frawg dis time o' night?" came the response.

"O, Uncle Nat!" I called out. "Drive away that bull! He won't let us come down!" I chattered.

Good old Nat Dibby, a free negro whom we all knew very well, had happened to come past. He made a rush at the bull, and drove him away, and one by one we half-slid, half-fell out of the trees, helped down by Uncle Nat.

I wondered greatly how he happened to be here—so far away, and when he told us that his cabin was only a mile away, I could not believe it.

But it was to his cabin that he took us, and after we had been regaled on ash-cake and buttermilk, the battalion, captain and all, were tucked away in the only bed in the house, while the old man and his wife, Aunt Patsy, slept on the floor.

Betimes the next morning the battalion began their retrograde movement. At the head marched Uncle Nat, bearing our weapons in his arms. Aunt Patsy had spent most of the night in drying our regimentals, but they were so rumpled and bedraggled by the campaign of the day before that all the pomp and circumstance of war was gone, leaving us to cut pitiful figures indeed.

"Ne' mind, honeys," argued the old man, as we trudged at his heels, "I thinks you's done mons'ous smart fer li'l' scrops o' chillun lak you, I does. You's done toted dese hyere guns all day 'dout shootin' anybody or yerse'fs, eider, you's clomb trees lak squir'ls an' frez to de limbs lak tree frawgs. Go home an' eat a few mo' ash cakes an' you'll lay you'll be gin'nis, ev'y one un yer, by en' by!"

When we came within sight of home we found the wildest commotion. People thronged the place. Searching parties were being formed. Mounted messengers were dashing off along every road and byway.

We trembled with fear at the thought of meeting our mothers. We had expected to march back to the sound of martial music and crowned with glory that should compel forgiveness. How could we go back in this guise?

But even here the goodness and tact of Uncle Nat stood us in good stead. Halting at a safe distance, he hid us in the bushes, went forward alone and made peace at the house. Then he came back and led the forlorn battalion up the hill and turned them over to the authorities.—David Dodge, in Youth's Companion.

MAN'S INGENUITY.

NEARLY one hundred different machines have been invented for boring rock.

OVER three hundred miles of irrigation ditches are in operation or building in Yakima county, Wash.

A HAY saver, consisting of a three-sided device, which enables the horse to insert his head into the manger but does not permit any lateral movement of it, is a late invention.

A PLAN to force coal by pipe line from the mines to the seaboard has been proposed. The coal will be ground to powder, mixed with water, sent through the pipes, the water then removed, the coal dried and pressed into bricks.

ANOTHER FELLOW'S GIRL

How Geoffrey Halkett Was Cured of His One Failing.

There was a man once—Geoffrey Halkett by name—of few failings, but chief among them was the ineradicable conviction that he understood the innermost workings of the mind of a girl.

"A clever beggar I once knew," he explained one night to his old intimate, Paddon—"in fact, about the cleverest beggar I ever did know—once said to me: 'If you know one thing thoroughly you hold the key to everything.' It didn't strike me particularly at the time. I had no reason for testing it, but it's awfully true, Jim. I can see it now."

It was in Jim Paddon's rooms in Gray's inn that this sententious remark was uttered. Jim Paddon was at the moment keenly interested in wondering whether the cork of a soda water bottle would come out easily, like a tooth with gas, or would require extracting with a wrench. The gas gained the day.

"Well," he said, content now to dally with trivialities, "and what if it is?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Sometimes this knowledge is very useful to you, and sometimes—well, it's just amusing. I don't think I'm particularly conceited, but I flatter myself that I have always had a knack of understanding girls. It isn't a thing a man cares to talk about much. In the first place ninety-nine people out of a hundred would put anyone down as a fool who said this—possibly, I am rather femininely minded. In any case, I often used to think I could see things from their point of view better than most fellows, and argue their cases in their own way. Now, since I have thoroughly understood one girl, I know I can do this. And what is the consequence? Why, they never astonish me now."

Paddon took his pipe from his mouth and attempted to realize an old ambition, and blow a second smoke ring through a first.

"My experience," he said, when failure tripped him up remorselessly, 'is that they vary too much. No two are alike and they always get mixed up, and to try to put them right is the worst of all." Whether he was alluding to smoke rings or girls was not very clear.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "you've either had one whisky too many or too few."

Paddon adopted the only course open to him.

"Who's the poor girl you've experimented on? Do I know her?"

"That's rather a brutal way of putting it, but I suppose it's Kate."

"Then," said Paddon, "isn't it almost a pity that you are not going to marry her instead of me."

Halkett smiled. He was not a marrying man.

When next the two friends met it was at the home of Kate Temple, the maiden who, after being analyzed by one man, had perversely fallen in love with another. Halkett, too philosophical to be jealous, had only found in the circumstance of her preference for his friend a further proof of the well-known law that ideals must be lowered half-mast high when science passes by. In short, he liked her still, but his attitude now might best be described as one of slightly contemptuous sympathy.

The circumstances under which they all met were now rather depressing. James Paddon had many weaknesses, and one of them had just attained an alarming prominence, Sir McDermott Ballarat, who doubled the parts of eminent specialist and family friend to the Temples (for Kate had one incumbrance—she was garrisoned round about by a maiden aunt with fads), had just discovered that his dear young friend Paddon possessed only one lung instead of the normal number, and that that interesting relic must on no account be allowed to winter in England. It was now September. The young man might take his lung to Davos Platz or to Colorado, but he must be off without delay.

Halkett, like most people, was at his best in emergencies. The one cheering fact to the Temples on this last depressing evening was his quiet announcement to Kate that if Jim liked he would go with him and look after him. He had previously arranged it all with Paddon, who was pleased. This almost reconciled Kate to her lover's going to the further country. Jim Paddon did not feel ill, he said, whereas if he went to a place haunted by invalids he would grow worse out of sympathy.

The good-bys that night were said in chapters. Geoffrey Halkett left first and Kate's eyes were eloquent when she thanked him. She did not say much, but he was satisfied. It was at that moment that the eminently feminine thought occurred to her: "What a pity Geoffrey should not marry some nice girl!" Then old Mrs. Temple said good-by to all and discreetly left the lovers to settle the rest. This took two hours and three-quarters, during which time Geoffrey leaned against a lamp-post smoking and thinking it rather a pity that Kate's eyes should be wasted on Jim. He was aroused by Jim rushing down the steps, almost knocking him down and swearing at him. They walked to London that night, by way of getting up strength for the journey. The next day they started.

Ruskin, who advocated once a period of lengthened probationary absence for the young man in love, probably foresaw the advantage of taking steps which would cancel fifty per cent. of first engagements. Paddon was not to be relied upon with impunity. His lung grew lusty and strong in the bracing air of the Rocky mountains, but he fell in love with a settler's daughter just before the time when he should have returned to Kate. Halkett had noticed this emotion in its incipient stages, but Paddon had not, nor had it even tinged his letters to Kate, when he contracted a prevalent form of fever and the settler's daughter nursed him through it. As soon as he became convalescent he bestowed on her a new Colorado edition of his old love for Kate.

Now, Paddon's illness had been Halkett's opportunity. Whatever swerved in him, it was never his loyalty to his friends. He wrote to Kate regularly, reporting the invalid's health. When Jim regained convalescence it was promptly brought home to him that he should resume management of his own affairs, but his new sentiment barred the way to this. At this crisis it seemed good to Jim Paddon, whose simple brain was not capable of dealing with two sets of emotions, to unceremoniously depart with the settler's daughter and marry her. He considerately left a note requesting Halkett to deal with his honor as he thought fit.

Geoffrey Halkett was a gentleman by instinct, and at the best but an amateur liar. He had the British aversion to taking away a man's character to a girl. After much deliberation he said to himself: "If I know Kate—and I flatter myself that I do know her—she would rather retain her faith in a dead Jim than lose her faith in a living Jim." So he wrote that Jim had got worse and died. He did not consider himself in this, which was to his credit.

Then, being no longer required in Colorado, he followed his letter home.

On the way home common sense argued with him and brought home to him very forcibly that he had made a mistake. Sooner or later Kate must learn the truth. It would be better for her to hear it from him now than to have it brutally broken to her later, when it might injure her life more. It was not a pleasant mission, this mission of confession on which he went a short time after his return, but he confronted himself with the thought that she would at least acknowledge that all he had done was out of consideration for her.

Geoffrey Halkett never told anyone what happened at that interview. As a matter of fact, the girl heard him all through, and then, white and trembling with indignation, infinitely scornful with herself for having allowed anyone to defame her lover while she listened, she turned and left him—not, though, before she had pointedly suggested that he should never enter the house again. "She had never trusted him from the very beginning," so she said, "and now—"

Halkett took up his hat and went.

This man, who had thought himself never to be astonished again, was an obstinate man, but not too obstinate to acknowledge himself astonished. He wasted no time over useless arguments or letters, but he went abroad and some time subsequently he met Jim Paddon. The interview was short, but satisfactory. All, it appeared, that Halkett required of his former friend was a letter written to Kate, telling her how matters stood. Paddon demurred, and Mrs. Paddon thought Halkett a nuisance.

"I may be a sneak," said Jim; "but I'll be—if I'll write myself down one."

Halkett declined to enter into the distinction. "You can put it in a gentlemanly way if you can," he said.

A man with only one lung and a bad case is no match for a man with two lungs and a good case and a rapidly developing passion for a woman. In less than a month Halkett was home with the letter.

"Kate is devilish obstinate when she's in a bad temper," he said to himself. "I know what she'll do now; she'll refuse to see me, and I'm not going to trust the letter to the post." Still, he wrote and asked her to make an appointment. She replied by return, naming a day and hour.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOVEMBER 17, 1893.

THE Pennsylvania World's fair exhibit of minerals, chemicals, etc., will be presented to the state college at Bellefonte, Pa.

FRANK A. JOHNSTON, of Mansfield, Ohio, recently appointed United States consul at Chihuahua, Mexico, died Monday night, of consumption, at El Paso, Texas, while en route to Chihuahua.

LOUIS F. MENAGE, the fugitive president of the wrecked Northwestern Guaranty Loan Company, of Minneapolis, who quietly vanished with $800,000 in cold cash after having made the treasury poorer by nearly $3,000,000, has been unearthed in the city of Guatemala, Central America. The discovery of his hiding-place was made by a newspaper reporter. Within five days from the time the information was placed in the hands of the Minnesota authorities Menage's arrest was ordered by the state department on the charge of embezzlement and grand larceny.

COL. J. B. R. STREATOR, who ordered Pravate Iams to be suspended by the thumbs during the Homestead encampment, arrived in wheeling, W. Va., on Saturday morning. He at once commenced loading up with booze. At the Buffet saloon he took a silver spoon from a hot drink he had ordered and pocketed it. Still later he managed to purloin another solid silver stirring stick at the bar of the Hotel Windsor. The proprietor of the Buffet sent an officer after him, and, when arrested and searched, three spoons were found on him, all of them marked to show their ownership. He was locked up. He was to have had a hearing but the prosecutor let up on him and he will not be prosecuted.

EX-GOV. JAMES E. CAMPBELL, in answer to an inquiry as to the result of the recent election said: "Ohio was merely sharing in the general shaking up which the Democratic party is receiving all along the line from Massachusetts to Iowa. The business depression is attributed by the partisans and unthinking portion of our people to the present federal administration. The ex-soldiers are somewhat moved by the needless fear that they will not be justly and liberally dealt with. There is a natural ebbing of the tide from the great flow of last year. There are sore and disappointed applicants for office. These are the cause of the defeat. The fear of tariff revision had nothing to do with it whatever."

Secretary Gresham gave out the following on Monday night: When authenticate information was received at the department of the firing upon the American mail ship Costa Rica at Amapala on the 6th inst, because of the refusal of the captain to deliver up Borilla, a passenger, General Young, the United States minister to Honduras, under instructions sent by Secretary Gresham by direction of the president, protested against the act and demanded an apology. The government of Honduras promptly disavowed the conduct of its officers and expressed sincere regret for the occurrence. The apology on the part of the Honduras government is entirely satisfactory to the United States and it is believed that this will end the incident.

LOCAL causes had to do with the results in New York, New Jersey, and, perhaps, a few other states. Disappointments over offices and the discontent of the people over commercial losses and slack employment have operated against the party in power. Populists have reaped the benefit in some places and Republicans in others. Democrats will find a moral gratification in the lesson taught by New York, New Jersey and Iowa—that Democrats revolt against candidates of their party against whom there are colorable charges of improper conduct, while the Republicans stick to the rascal as closely as to the saint. The Democratic party is not weaker than it was last year. Its work in office is still to be done. Its glory of achievement will strengthen into compact organization the voting preponderance it won in a fair contest of argument. This year's elections are the accidents of a season.

IT is insisted by our Republican friends, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, that the recent elections endorced the McKinley tariff bill and repudiated the proposed Democratic revision and reduction.

The test of that claim is the Republican vote polled. If that vote, anywhere, reaches or exceeds the vote received by Mr. Harrison if may be accepted at such place or places that the McKinley law was endorsed. If the vote, anywhere, falls below the Harrison vote it may be accepted at such place or places that the McKinley law is by that much disapproved by those who favored it a year ago.

In Pennsylvania the Republican vote fell 74,000 short of that cast for Harrison. Is that sustaining the McKinley law? Seventy-four thousand in this protection state emphasized their objections to the high tariff McKinley law by either refraining from voting or by voting the Democratic ticket! The figures in other states, when obtainable, will, we are sure, show a similar or greater falling off in Republican endorsements.

The Democrats insisted that the tariff was not an issue and they stayed from the polls for reasons not connected with that question. They took little or no interest in the success of state ticket on party grounds. It was the Republicans only who were urged to turn out to "save the tariff." With 74,000 Republican converts to tariff reduction in one year in Pennsylvania, the Democracy may well look forward with hope to the next congressional elections here.

THE outcry against tariff change that preceded the adoption of the revenue tariff of 1846, says the Philadelphia *Record*, was no whit inferior in vigor to the outcry now raised against proposed tariff legislation. The predictions of disasters were quite as direful. There was then, as there is now, a segment of the Democratic party tainted with the protective virus and ready to sacrifice the public welfare at the instance of special interests. But the Democrats of that day, satisfied of the injustice and inexpediency of the protective principle, stood firmly by their convictions. The tariff of 1846 became a law. The results of its operation belied all the prophecies of the Protectionists, and more than fulfilled all the expectations of those who had supported it. This country during the last hundred years of its existence has made wonderful forward strides in industrial and commercial expansion; but the ten years that followed the adoption of the tariff of 1846 were of all the years the most remarkably prosperous. There was a harmonious and symmetrical development of manufactures, commerce and agriculture. The change from preceding conditions was so striking and absolute that the tariff issue was lost sight of. It was considered settled. When the Morrill tariff was made necessary by the exigencies of war it was presented with apologies as a war measure. Protection was unthought of until, the war having ended, it was found impossible for the Republican party to shake off the beneficiaries of unjust taxation who had obtained control of its movements.

The battle of 1846 was fought over again and decisively determined by the people in 1890, and again in 1892. The Democrats are finally in a position to give the country the benefit of reform. There is always some aggravation and temporary inconvenience to the patient when an ulcer is cut away. There are always cranks and alarmists who mistake the patient's temporary prostration and slow convalescence as signs of disolution. But the vindication of the Democratic surgery will be swift to follow in the track of reform. There is no occasion for fear or hesitation, but action should be instant.

NATIONAL CHAIRMAN WILLIAM F. HARRITY, a few days ago, said of the late election: "This was not a Democratic year, and the expected has happened." Then he added: "These tidal waves or landslides come to each of the great parties. If anyone will take the trouble to look at the returns of the elections during the past 20 years, he will very quickly discover that each of the great parties has had signal victories, and each in turn signal defeats." Taking this state as an instance to illustrate the point, he said: "In 1872 the Republicans carried Pennsylvania by over 100,000, and in 1874 the Democrats succeeded in carrying the state, and so on down.

"An examination of the returns will afford to those who will take the time and trouble to look at them, indisputable evidence of what I have just said. A political party in power is held responsible for the condition prevailing at and just prior to the time of election. The average voter does not take the trouble to inquire into the causes that produce unfavorable conditions, but judges by results. This year the Democratic party had exceptionally bad times to operate against them. The financial and business depressions that have prevailed during the last six months have improperly, as I think, been charged by the voters to the Democratic party, with the result of overwhelming defeats in most of the states where elections have have been held.

"However," he went on in a philosophical manner, "as it is usual for reactions to follow great political successes, it is much better for the Democrotic party that the reaction, after the great Democratic victories of 1892, should have taken place this year, rather than next year during congressional elections. I feel sanguine that the improved conditions that will soon appear will contribute to Democratic victories in 1894."

THE Pittsburg *Post* says: There can be no doubt what the judgment of the country will be on the scandalous and humiliating meddling and muddling of the Harrison administration, as exposed in diplomatic and official phrase in Secretary Gresham's letter to the president. It seems to have been something of a green goods game that Minister Stevens was playing at Honolulu in the name of the United States, and with the sanction of the Washington government, for it is not a supposable case that he would have gone so far without some sort of secret encouragement from headquarters. The most probable explanation is that it was a jingo game devised by Harrison to promote his political prospects and send his administration out in a grand halo of glory, spreading the area of liberty and the star spangled banner. An open and undisguised seizure of the Hawaiian kingdom would have been manly in comparison with the sneak thief operations of Minister Stevens. The honor of the country can best be promoted by righting the great wrong. At least the support of the United States should be withdrawn from the provisional government, and if it is able to stand alone, then let it do so. Aside from the political business of the Harrison administration, the most obvious thing in the paper revolution—paper until United States troops made it a solid reality—was a big sugar speculation. Three hundred million pounds of sugar at a bounty of 2 cents a pound is not to be sneezed at in the way of financering.

UNCLE SAM has the wheat and the hay and the corn, the provisions and the cotton, and $50,000,000 of that English gold has got to come this way within the next six months.

IT is rumored that the Vanderbilts have secured control of the Reading Railroad.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10th, 1893. President Cleveland is hard at work upon his message to Congress and all of the members of the cabinet upon their annual reports, just as they would have been had the result of the exections been more satisfactory to them. About six weeks is usually devoted by the president to the preparation of his annual message to Congress, but this year, although the message will be unusually important, he will have only four weeks in which to prepare it.

While neither the president nor any member of the cabinet cares to publicly discuss the result of the elections at this time it can be positively stated that they do not regard them as in any sense a condemnation of the administration and will not swerve a hair's breadth from the line of policy that had been previously marked out. Of course they were disappointed. They had cause to expect that the Democratic state tickets would be defeated in Ohio and New York, but not by such large pluralities; in Massachusetts and Iowa they were both surprised and disappointed, although they knew of the unusual efforts that were being made to persuade every man who was in any sense a sufferer from the business depression from past vicious Republican legislation that the Democratic party was responsible for it all. They did not expect them to succeed so well; that is all.

Few Democratic congressmen are in Washington now, but those who are here are unanimously of the opinion that the result of the elections will not have the slightest effect towards changing the nature of the tariff and other contemplated legislation. Representative McMillin, a prominent member of the House Ways and Means committee, says: "The tariff question had nothing to do with it, as the character of the bill we will report has not yet been made public and therefore could not have been condemned." Representative Forman says: "You can never tell what will happen in an off year. I believe that the defeat will make the Democrats a little more cautious and harmonious. We have been getting too confident and too independent." Judge Lochren, commissioner of pensions, says: "It is the natural result of the hard times. The unthinking people have charged the financial troubles to the party in power." Not a single Democrat has yet been found here who is even a little bit discouraged over the outlook. Ex-Congressman Morrison, who is regarded by many Democrats as available presidential timber, voiced the general Democratic sentiment when he said: "I can find no better expression than that of the Irishman who after being thrashed said: 'I am certainly licked, but not conquered.'"

Not a few Republicans find that the dumpling of victory has a spider in it. Those who have been maneuvering to make either Mr. Benjamin Harrison, Senator Allison or ex-Speaker Reed their presidential candidate in 1896, find their labor all swept away by the prominence now enjoyed by Governor McKinley and his phenomenal majority. McKinley has never been popular with the Republican leaders because he would never allow himself to be used by them.

The worst disappointed people of all are the Populists who were led to believe, or rather led themselves to believe, that they would carry Virginia and thus get a substantial foothold in the South. Not only did they fail to carry Virginia, although they had the passive if not the active assistance of the Republicans, but they even failed to hold their own in their western strongholds.

The Republican administration left the Navy department a costly legacy in the plans upon which several of the smaller gunboats have been built, but the costliest of all were those for the new battle-ship Texas, which was built at the Norfolk navy yard. According to the official information received at the Navy department this week it will take about $50,000 in money and about three months to make the boiler keelsons strong enough to support the boilers. The Texas is being built upon English plans which have from the very first been opposed by many naval officers, because of the various defects which they have from time to time pointed out, and not a few of them have expressed the opinion (in private) that it is impossible ever to make the Texas either a good sea-going ship or a good fighting ship, no matter what changes are made.

The administration has demanded an apology from the government of Honduras for having fired upon a vessel flying the American flag. M.

Was the Shooting Accidental?

DOVER, N. H., Nov. 12.—When Louis Tuttle returned home last evening his cousin, Bertha Wills, picked up his revolver, which he had left on the window sill, and aimed at him, saying: "Do you want me to shoot you?" Knowing she was a good shot, and thinking she was joking, the young man answered: "No; put that revolver down."

He turned around and busied himself at something. Suddenly a pistol shot was heard and he turned in time to see the girl staggering from a wound in her breast. She died in a few minutes. She was 17 years old.

Only Tuttle and a little brother were in the room where the shooting occurred and the backs of both turned when Bertha fired the shot. Whether it was intentional or accidental is not known. She was expert with the revolver and other firearms, and knew the danger of carless handling of them.

A Serious Accusation.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—Warren T. Putnam, president of the National Granite State Bank, of Exeter, N. H., was arrested in this city to-day by Deputy Marshal Gallonpe, on the charge of embezzling from the funds of that institution.

It is said that the amount of his embezzlement will reach over $30,000. It includes bills of exchange and orders valued at $23,000 and a bond of the Leavenworth Electric Railroad valued at $500.

After the arrest, which was made in the street, Mr. Putnam was taken to the marshal's in the Post office building, where he was held to await the arrival of United States Commissioner Sawyer.

His Wife Burned to Death.

LANCASTER, Pa., Nov. 8.—A horrible burning accident occured at Terre Hill, in the eastern end of this county, yesterday. Harry Muckle, of that place, went gunning in the morning, and when he returned at noon found his wife, a woman of 40 years, lying in the back yard a corpse. Every particle of her clothing was burned from her person, and the body presented a horrible sight, the flesh in some places being burned away from the bones. The surroundings bore evidence of the terrible sufferings of the woman, and her mouth was filled with dirt. There was no witnesses to the accident that her clothes caught fire while she was preparing dinner, and that she ran from the house to the yard.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Regarded as a Joke.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The Pattison boom for president started by the governor's friends in Philadelphia, is regarded as a joke. It is argued by Democrats here that the party is not going to nominate a man for president from a state that gives 130,000 Republican majority.

"Governor Pattison might have been president to day," said a prominent Pennsylvania Democrat this morning, "if Mr. Harrity, who owned the Pennsylvania delegation at Chicago, had been a true friend of the state's chief executive. Governor Pattison could have been nominated at Chicago," continued this gentleman, "if Harrity had said the word. New York, with its 72 votes, was ready and anxious to go to anybody who had a big slate at his back. Dick Croker, boss of Tammany hall, made overtures to Harrity, but the national chairman refused to deliver the Pennsylvania delegation to Pattison. Besides New York there were other delegations ready to break away from Cleveland if there was any chance of defeating him. Yes, through the treachery of his alleged friends, Governor Pattison lost the only opportunity he ever had or ever will have of being president of the United States."

A Fatal Coon Hunt.

Michael Bailey, of Steinsville, Lehigh county, who was badly burned about five weeks ago, is dead. Bailey was one of the best known hunters in his section. He was about 25 years old and started out one night with a party on a coon hunt. He carried a coal oil lamp, stumbled and fell on his lantern, broke it to pieces and thereby ignited his clothing. He called to his companions, but they were out of hailing distance. He drew off his burning clothing, but found he could not strip them over his feet. The clothing burned the shoes on his feet and it was probably five or six hours before his absence was noted by his companions and search made for him. They found him at last with his body nude, but burned from his neck to his feet. The feet were almost a cinder. He was a great sufferer to the end.

Great Boar Hunting.

BERLIN, Nov. 11.—The *Tageblatt* publishes the alleged circumstances of the emperor's recent boar hunting expedition in Hanerstock. The story told is evidently intended to turn the emperor's idea of sport into ridicule.

The St. Hubert's day hunt, the *Tageblatt* declares, was a mere court display, which in no way reflected credit upon the royal sportsman. The boar, it is said, was deprived of its tusks and was otherwise handicapped in order to remove any possibility of its hurting the hunters by its mouth being muzzled. The boar was taken to the scene of the hunt enclosed in a box, and when released trotted peacefully away until the emperor easily overtook and transfixed the "wild" boar with his spear.

Free List of the New Tariff.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 13.—The Ways and Means committee has now practically settled on the additions which it will make to the free list and they can be stated with certainty. The articles are lead bearing silver ore, coal and pig tin. The duty on tinned plates will be reduced from 2 2-10 cents to 1 cent a pound.

It has not yet been finally decided whether sugar will be admitted altogether free of duty, but the probabilities are that it will be, both raw and refined.

The committee is still considering whether it will be better to raise the additional revenue needed by imposing an income tax or a tax on corporations. The chances are that the income tax will be adopted.

Mysteriously Missing.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Nov. 13.—Miss Martha Cummings, daughter of the late Robert Cummings, left her home in Armagh, township, Mifflin county, about five weeks ago to visit the World's Fair at Chicago. After her arrival at Chicago, Miss Cummings communicated with her relatives daily until two weeks ago, when her letters ceased, and since which time no intelligence of her whereabouts has been ascertained. Miss Cummings was a bright, vivacious young lady, of a deeply religious turn of mind, and her mysterious disappearance has occasioned the gravest fears among her friends. A search has been instituted for the missing young woman.

Flood Disaster in Japan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 13.—Advices from Yokohoma state a severe storm swept over the southern part of Japan October 15th. At Yokohoma, where floods wrought the most destruction, one hundred and forty one persons are known to have perished, and one hundred more are missing, while 1,346 houses are washed away.

Bridges were destroyed and a great number of horses and cattle killed.

From all points 445 persons were reported killed; besides 474 ships and boats were wrecked and great damage done to farming lands. Multitudes are receiving aid from local governments.

Awful Explosion in Poland.

WARSAW, November 11.—A dispatch from Brest-Litovsk, a town of Russia Poland, reports an accident there to day that resulted in the loss of many lives. A terrible explosion occurred in the shop of a chemist, and the building in which the shop was located was completely shattered, as were also the adjacent houses. Each of the buildings contained several families. Twenty-one persons were killed outright and many others were injured. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by fire reaching the ether in the chemist's shop, a considerable quantity of it having been stored on the premises.

Masked Bank Robbers.

WALLA WALLA, WASH., November 14.—Three men entered the bank at Milton, Ore., 10 miles south of here, yesterday afternoon, and fired two shots at President Hobson, both of which took effect. They then demanded money from the cashier, and a tray containing $944 was handed them. The men then left the bank, mounted horses and rode away, and though a posse followed five minutes later, the robbers escaped.

NEWS AND OTHER NOINGS.

—The water tunnel under Lake Michigan at Chicago is eight feet in diameter, four miles long and cost the city $1,000,000.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—The great Thouron coal tract, near Pottsville, unworked for half a century, was yesterday put under the miner's pick.

—A companion's gun went off in a carriage near Pittston and disemboweled George McMullen, who was going out gunning.

—Half an hour after leaving his home at Branchville, Schuylkill county, for a day's work, Martin Cunningham was found dead.

—John D. Rockafeller, the Standard oil magnate, has made a fourth gift of $600,000 to the university of Chicago, making a total of $3,250,000.

—Lottie Trusty, a well-known colored woman of Columbia, took a dose of strychnine on Friday evening and died in a couple of hours.

—J. M. Brevelove, Sheriff of Henry county, Tenn., was shot from ambush and instantly killed Monday afternoon by a negro named Coleman.

—George W. Bley, while gathering coal on the railroad track at Millwood, Pa., yesterday, was struck by a train and badly but not fatally injured.

—Ten Russian convicts, who escaped from Siberia, and were picked up by an American ship, have been held for examination as San Francisco.

—Grief over the bad conduct of his son caused the death of Sonner S. Parker, of Toledo, O. An autopsy showed that his heart was split from top to bottom.

—Elizabeth Horning, a young woman of Hazelton, in a fit of bad temper, dashed a lighted parlor lamp on the floor. The house burned down. She is in jail for arson.

—The school house at Coopersville, N. Y., took fire Wednesday morning and the teacher, Miss Porter, and a little boy were burned to death. The other pupils escaped.

—Furman Sheppard, one of the most distinguished members of the Philadelphia bar, died at his residence in that city, on Friday, November 3, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

—A sneak thief entered the room of the Misses Annie, Mary and Kake Wagoner at the Wagoner House, Columbia Friday night, and stole diamonds and jewelry to the value of $500.

—The settlers and ranchmen in the vicinity of Owen, Wyo., complain that stock is killed in great numbers by bears. Hunters are not after these animals, as there is no bounty for them.

—John Johnson, colored, was electrocuted yesterday in the prison at Auburn, N. Y., for the murder of Charles Peck and Daniel Britton, fellow-convicts, in the Auburn prison in a fit of passion last April.

—Secretary Edge, of the State Board of Agriculture, has been notified of a fresh outbreak of glanders among horses at Wilkesbarre. Nineteen animals were killed by direction of the state authorities this week.

—Through the carelessness of the fireman in failing to keep water up two boilers at the Hazel brook Colliery, near Hazleton, exploded. The boiler house and adjoining buildings were demolished and the colliery disabled.

—Anarchists threw a dynamite bomb from the gallery into the audience at a theatre in Barcelona, Spain. Thirty persons were killed and 80 injured. The motive is believed to be to avenge the death of anarchist Pallas.

—Ex-Mayor Fitler, of Philadelphia, has eighty pairs of trousers and fifty suits of clothes in his wardrobe for wear this winter, so it is said, and he, is the man the Republicans talked of running for president only eighteen months ago.

—Van Roberts, a hotel keeper at Rush Hill, Mo., has received intelligence that he has fallen heir to $800,000, left him by John Bennett, who died at Las Vegas, N. Mr. Roberts saved Bennet from drowning in the Sangamon river near Decatur, Ill., twenty years ago.

—The largest fish caught in the Columbia River so far this season was a sturgeon measuring 11 feet 5 inches long and weighing 755 pounds, which was landed at Khappton, Wash., a week or so ago. The head alone weighed 151 pounds, and the fish yielded 427 pounds of edible meat.

—Miss Annie Howard, who was to have been married to Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, during the second week in November, has returned to her home in Biloxi, Miss. She has recovered from the severe nervous attack which followed the shock of Mr. Harrison's tragic death.

—In the supreme court at Pittsburg on Tuesday, the opinion in the only capital case argued at the present term was filed by chief Justice Sterrett. The decision is adverse to the appellant, Charles Salyards, and he will have to hang unless he is pardoned. The case was appealed from Cumberland county, Salyards was convicted of murder in the first degree for the murder of George H. Martin.

—With deer hunting knives, William Hought and Allen Stephenson, two well-known glass blowers of Bellevernon, fought a duel in an open field Saturday night. After getting drunk at a Republican ratification meeting, they got into an argument about protection and imported labor. This led to a fight. They walked to a large field, where they hacked each other's bodies. When discovered the men were nearly able to stand. Physicians say the men cannot recover.

—Pius A. Gibbons died at his residence in Mill Creek on the 2nd instant. On the 17th of October he was in Huntingdon and while returning home his horse took fright at the cars, broke the harness and threw Mr. Gibbons out on his head. The harness was repaired and Mr. Gibbons went home, apparently not much the worse for the fall, but on the 30th his left arm was paralyzed and on the 28th his leg was also paralyzed. He suffered considerable pain in his head, and died on the 2nd. He was aged 24 years and three months.

Arrangements have been made by the Pennsylvania Railroad company to hasten the the work on the addition to the Broad street station, in Philadelphia, which was curtailed by reason of the stringency of the money market, and to-day 1,000 additional men will be given employment on the building. The intention now is to have it completed by April, when the work of transferring the Fourth street offices will be begun. It is believed a month's time will be required for the removal. Floor space has already been assigned the various departments, though the location of offices has not been fully decided upon.

B. & B.

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As far as possible. That's what we're all thinking about these times—when dollars are so scarce and the wants and needs of the family as great as ever.

Have you ever thought about what a difference there is in *prices* and what a great amount can be saved by judicious and careful buying?

It's really surprising.

Note These

Dress Goods Items:

1,000 yards fine all-wool PLAIN BLACK LADIES' CLOTH, 40 inches, *30c. a Yard*

25 pieces fine WHITE AND BLACK SHEPHERD CHECK PLAIDS, 36 inches wide, *25c. a Yard.*

A big lot $1.00 all-wool CLOTH PLAIDS, 50 inches wide, *50c. a Yard.*

500 pieces double width AMERICAN SUITINGS. *25c. ones, 15c. a Yard. 50c. ones, 25c. a Yard.*

Rich and high-class Woolens—the choicest and best of the year's productions all bought at specially favorable prices and all for sale at less money than such qualities have ever been bought and sold.

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WRAPS and FURS.

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LOOK AT THIS.

Save 45 per cent. on all Groceries bought of CALLIHAN & VEY as the following price list will show:

2 cans Salmon	25c
3 lb crocks Apple Butter	25c
3 lb crocks Jelly	25c
3 cans pie pumpkin, 25c.; 7 cans	50c
Old German Soap, 6 cakes	25c
G. E. Soap, 2 for 5c.; 40 cakes for	$1.00
Best Red Oil German Mott Soap, 6 cakes	25c
H. M. Soap, 7 cakes, 25c.; 30 cakes	$1.00
50 lb sacks Winter Wheat Flour per sack	95c
Tea, 25c. per lb; 5 lbs for	$1.00
Marrowfat Peas, 3 cans	25c
Condensed Milk, per can	10c
Roast Beef, per 2 lb can	20c
Corned Beef, per 2 lb can	20c
Chipped Beef, per 1 lb can	20c
Table Peaches, 2 cans	25c
Ginger Snaps, 3 lbs	25c
Wine Cakes, 3 lbs	25c
Milk Lunch Cakes, 3 lb	25c
O. B. Rolled Oats, per 2 lb package	10c
Mince Meat, 3 lbs for / 7 lbs for	25c / 50c
Rio Coffee, per lb	25c
20 lb Lima Beans	$1.00
Five Brothers' Tobacco, per lb	25c
Hams, per lb	12½c
Lard, 10c. per lb.; 3 lb for	30c
World's Fair Blend Tea, per lb	50c

We would call special attention to our Mountain Rose Flour at $1.25 per sack.

20 lb Granulated Sugar for $1.00 with every order amounting to $10.00.

All goods sold by us guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

We pay Freight on all orders of $10.00 or over to your station.

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836 BRADDOCK AVENUE,

BRADDOCK, PA.

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P. R. R. SCHEDULE.

Schedule in effect May 28, 1893.

Connections at Cresson.

EAST.

Seashore Express	6 30 a m
Harrisburg Accommodation	9 25 a m
Day Express	11 04 a m
Altoona Express	1 00 p m
Mail Express	5 17 p m
Philadelphia Express	8 12 p m

WEST.

Johnstown Express	8 14 a m
Pacific Express	8 37 a m
Way Passenger	2 36 p m
Mail Train	4 29 p m
Johnstown Express	7 59 p m

Ebensburg Branch.

Trains leave as follows: 7.30, 10.25 a. m., and 3.35 p. m. and arrive at Cresson at 8.20, 10.50 a. m. and 4 15 p. m. Leave Cresson at 9 30, 11 27 a. m. and 5.29 p. m., and arrive at Ebensburg at 10.10 a. m. and 12 01 and 6 10 p. m.

Cresson and Clearfield.

Leave Irvona at 6 45 a. m. and 2.40 p. m. arriving at Cresson at 8 05 a. m. and 4 p. m. Leave Cresson 9.40 a. m. and 5.18 p. m., arriving at Irvona at 11.00 a. m. and 6.58 p. m.

Sunday trains leave Cresson every Sunday at 9 30 a m and 5.18 p. m., arriving at Irvona at 11.40 a. m and 6.00 p. m.

For rates maps, etc., call on agent or address THOS. E. WATT, P. A. W. D., 119 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, General Manager.

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AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. [illegible], 242 Broadway, N. Y.

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If You Want

GOOD FLOUR

TAKE YOUR GRAIN TO THE

OLD SHENKLE MILL

In Ebensburg.

THE

FULL ROLLER PROCESS

For the Manufacture of Flour has been put in the Old Shenkle Grist Mill in Ebensburg, and turns out nothing but

FIRST CLASS WORK.

Bring in your Grain and give us a trial. Each man's grain is ground separately and you get the flour of your own wheat. The mill is run every day with the BEST OF POWER.

SAMUEL D. LUDWIG,
Proprietor.

sep15,93

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NEW GOODS

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We Will Save You Money

and we are confident we will please you. We have SUITS to fit and please everybody. Our line of OVERCOATS is immense. Very Respectfully,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
Carrolltown.

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TO BUY CLOTHING IS AT

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1300 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Where you will find a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suitings in all styles and qualities.

FALL AND WINTER WEAR!

for Men and Boys, for Style and Finish can not be beat for the price Furnishing Goods, Hats and caps,

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in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

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JAMES QUINN.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Whereas letters of administration on the estate of Arthur Devlin, late of Jackson township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to me, while those having claims against the same are notified to present them duly authenticated for settlement. DANIEL DEVLIN,
Administrator of Arthur Devlin, deceased.
Jackson township, Nov. 3, 1893.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, Cambria county deceased, or against the estate of Eliza Noonan, late of said township, deceased, are requested to present their claims properly probated to me by May 25th, 1895.
M. D. KITTELL.
Ebensburg, Pa., March 31, 1893.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on the first Monday of December next, unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of Chas. J. Mayer, assignee of J. P. Kintz et ux.

First and final account of F. J. O'Connor, assignee of Christian Hutecker et ux.

First and final account of A. F. Somerville, assignee of James S. Bracken.

First and final account of R. F. Murphy, assignee of Hery C. Wright et ux.

Prothonotary's office, Nov. 1, 1893.
J. C. DARBY,
Prothonotary.

CANCER and Tumors CURED—no knife. Book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & DUBE, 162 East St., Cincinnati, O.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now. GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City.

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOVEMBER 17, 1893.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Peter Campbell, of Carrolltown, was in on Monday.

—Mr. J. B. Wilber, of this place visited Coalport on Monday.

—John Lynch, Esq., of Summit, visited Ebensburg on Saturday.

—Mr. Robert Cassidy has his new house in the West ward under roof.

—Mr. Samuel Kelly, of Patton, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Harry Quartz, of Cresson, a former Ebensburg boy, was in town on Saturday.

—Mr. Sherman Criste, of Washington township, visited Ebensburg on Tuesday.

—A horse belonging to Joseph Shoemaker took sick and died on Tuesday night.

—The cross was placed on the top of the new tower on the Catholic church on Saturday.

—The tower of the Baptist church in this place has been repaired in the past few days.

—A young child of John Bush, of Elder township, was buried at Carrolltown on Saturday.

—A sharper has been working Johnstown and Altoona business men with forged checks.

—Miss Katie Wolf, the newly appointed postmistress at Wilmore, took charge of the office on Monday.

—Five hundred barrels of cider have been made on the cider press of George Crook in Carroll township this season.

—Mrs. Read and daughter, Miss Alma, of Lincoln are visiting the family of J. F. Mellvaine, Esq., in this place.

—Deputy Register and Recorder H. A. Englehart moved into his new house, recently completed, one day last week.

—Judge A. V. Barker, of Cambria county, will preside during the special sessions of court next week.—*Somerset Democrat.*

—The Pennsylvania railroad company has declared a semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent., payable on and after November 15th.

—On Tuesday night the first tracking of the season fell and as a consequence all hunters were all out on Wednesday morning.

—James White and John Utzler were sent to jail on Tuesday to each serve a "thirty days" sentence. They are from Johnstown.

—A supper party for the benefit of the new Catholic church at St. Augustine will be given in the hall in that place on Thanksgiving evening.

—B. G. Sloan, of Carrolltown, has received from his appointment as a member of the board of pension examiners for Cambria county.

—Mr. Michael Donovan and wife, of this place, will go to Pittsburg on Monday, where they will spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. Telford.

—Commissioner Lloyd is beginning to think that every man who voted the Republican ticket is an applicant for commissioners' clerk or janitor.

—Harry Fredericks and Harry Walters, of this place, left on Tuesday for Emporium, Cameron county, where they intend going into the harness business.

—Michael Pierson, of Dysart, was seriously injured by falling from a trapeze at that place one day last week. His skull was crushed and his condition is serious.

—A four-months-old child of George Albert, of Carroll township, died on Thursday from whooping cough. The remains were interred at Carrolltown on Saturday.

—It is said that if tea is ground like coffee or crushed immediately before hot water has been poured upon it, that it will add nearly double the amount of its exhilerating qualities.

—Messrs. Seward Jones, of Boston, and David Jones, of Chicago, members of the firm of Jones Bros., dealers in granite in those two cities are visiting friends in Ebensburg, their old home.

—The state board of health issues an order that all boroughs, required by act of assembly of May 11, 1842, to establish boards of health, must do so without delay. And orders from that authority goes.

—Last Saturday night thieves forced an entrance into the novelty store of C. P. Bleckhill at Mt. Pleasant and secured about $200 worth of goods, jewelry, revolvers, tobacco, cigars, etc. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

—A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whiskey, which sells for $16 at retail. Out of this the drinker gets $3, the railroads $1, the manufacturer $4, the vender $7, the farmer gets 40 cents, and the drinker gets the delirium tremens.

—The city of Reading has at present one hundred cases of small pox. The disease has been raging there ever since last winter and the authorities seem to be powerless in checking it notwithstanding all the cases are strictly quarantined and every precaution is taken by the health officers.

—Dr. Augustus Chestnutwood, of Coalmont, Huntingdon county, died at the residence of his brother-in-law, Albert Seagraves, in Wilmore, on Monday, November 13th, 1893, in the 53rd year of his age. The deceased had been suffering for several years from a tumor on his breast, which caused his death.

—A Shirleysburg correspondent of the *Somerset Democrat* gives the following list of potatoes raised this year by Samuel Cusick on 12½ acres of ground: Nineteen tons 16 bags, 32 bushels of rye, 241 bushels of corn, 6 bushels of potatoes, 200 heads of cabbage, and 193 bundles of straw. Pretty good farming, that.

—Mrs. James Kingston, of Irvona, died at her home in that place on Friday, November 10th, from typhoid fever. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Lawrence on Monday. She was seven small children, four of whom are also prostrated with the same disease. A daughter aged fifteen died only a short time ago.

—According to the report of W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, the total number of pupils enrolled in the public schools of the United States in 1892 was 12,238,305. Add to this the number in parochial, private and other educational institutions and it will be seen that about one-fifth of the total population is going to school.

—W. A. Smith, employed on the Brady log job near Burnside, Clearfield county, had his foot and ankle so badly injured as to necessitate amputation below the knee. He was engaged in trailing logs to the landing at the river when one of them jumped out of the trail ditch and forced Mr. Smith's leg against a stump, crushing it as above stated.

—Through the county papers it is estimated that the apple crop of Wayne county is worth at least $25,000. One firm in Honesdale says that when they have finished shipping they will have distributed $10,000 in the county. Apples are selling 50 cents to $1.50 per barrel delivered at the nearest railroad station. Potatoes are worth from 50 to 70 cents per bushel. Along with the big apple crop there are lots of cider apples and the cider mills are kept busy grinding and squeezing.

—Ten thousand pounds of wool were shipped from Carrolltown last week by C. A. Sharbaugh, J. W. Sharbaugh and A. Eckenrode, consigned to a large yarn manufacturing establishment in Philadelphia.

—The latest fad is a poverty sociable. Every woman must wear a calico dress and every man his old clothes. In addition, each is fined twenty-five cents if she or he does not have a patch on his or her clothing, and a prize is given to the one wearing the poorest garment. Country editors are admitted to the sociable, but on account of having a sure thing of it are not allowed to compete for the prize.

—Mr. William Kimball, of this place, who last week shipped a car load of horses to Baltimore will ship a car load of horses to Washington, D. C., to-day (Friday). He will take the horses overland to Johnstown, when, owing to the competition in freight rates between the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railroad Companies he can save considerable money by shipping them from that point.

—People who believe in signs will doubtless find something new in the following: It is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday. To sit on a circular saw in motion on Tuesday. To fall down stairs with a coal scuttle on Wednesday. To see a tax collector over your left shoulder on Friday. To marry on Saturday a girl who practices with ten-pound dumb bells. To be one of sixteen at the table on Sunday when there is food for only six.

—On Monday evening while having a horse shod at the blacksmith shop in New Alexandria, Westmoreland county, George Stewart, a well-known stock man, was attacked by a weak-minded fellow named Charles Dowden. The latter hurled a stone at Stewart, striking him on the head, knocking him insensible to the ground. Dowden continued to stone Stewart and hit him in the side, injuring him internally. His life is despaired of. Dowden is a desperate character when angered.

—Hiram L. Light, of Lebanon, Pa., and family, on Thursday enjoyed for dinner perhaps the costliest turkey ever killed in this country. Its cost being $1,000, or about $85 per pound. About a year ago the turkey belonged to another person and wandered to the premises of a neighboring farmer who also claimed it. The case was in the courts several times, and when it was finally ended it was found that the costs and lawyer's fees had reached $1,000. The bird was then purchased by Mr. Light.

—The situation at Gallitzin has not improved very much the past week. Taylor & McCoy's mine is still idle and but little work is being done at the other mines, and there seems to be little prospect of an early change. The business men are unable to make collections, as there is but little money circulating in the town. There is a great deal of distress in many quarters as hundreds of workingmen have been idle for almost five months. Every person is living in hopes of better times, but they seem a far way off.

—"I notice that some wise men in various parts of the country are predicting an uncommonly severe winter," said the old Lackawanna Valley weather prophet at Scranton, on Thursday, "but they are all wrong. All the signs point to a mild and open winter. When you see caterpillars crawling on the ground all through October, as they did last month, you may set it down as a fact that the temperature will be unseasonably high throughout the winter. Caterpillars don't crawl up to election time when a cold winter is ahead.

—James W. Storm, the only survivor of the Mexican war living in Tyrone, last week received a gun used in the war with Mexico and prizes it very highly as a memento of the years spent by him in the defence of his country during the conflict of nearly fifty years ago. The weapon is a musket of the Escopet type and was sent to Mr. Storm by the adjutant general of Pennsylvania through Governor Pattison, Ebensburg has three surviving veterans of the Mexican war who should get a gun. They are John A. Blair, J. D. Parrish and Evan D. Evans.

—Jacob Sell of Shillington, Berks county, who was committed to prison on Friday to await trial on a charge of assault and battery, his recognizance having been forfeited, is said to be trying to starve himself, having refused to eat anything since his imprisonment. When questioned by Warden Smith Sell said: "I'll not eat a thing while I'm in this jail; I'd rather die." He has peculiar religious beliefs, and says he is under the special keeping of God. The jail officials in Reading regard Sell as mentally unbalanced and are anxious that his friends should secure his release.

—Casper Fischer, a German who came to this country about five years ago and since that time resided principally in the neighborhood of Johnstown, committed suicide on McConaughy's hill, opposite the Sixteenth ward of that city, on Monday. The deceased was about 52 years of age and leaves a wife and family in Germany. He committed the dreadful deed by tying a piece of twine around his neck, and standing on a stump, tied the string to the limb of a tree, and then jumped off the stump. The twine broke but it had drawn so tight around his neck that it strangled him to death.

—Early Saturday morning Matthew Sands and Peter Hahn, the former 22 and the latter 21 years of age, were killed a short distance east of Elizabeth Furnace. As Pacific express was coming toward Altoona two young men stepped in front of it, having just crawled from under a freight train that was standing on a siding. They were both almost instantly struck and hurled from the track to a considerable distance, the skulls of each being crushed and their limbs broken, and death resulting instantly to both. Their remains were taken to Altoona, where it was ascertained that they belonged to respectable families in Newark, N. J. Relatives arrived in Altoona and took the remains to the former home of the deceased.

—Mrs. Ruth Stevens, of Altoona, died on Tuesday night, aged 81 years and 24 days, the cause of death was disease incident to old age. Her death was somewhat sudden at the end as she had only been ill about 24 hours. The deceased was born near Loretto on the 21st day of October, 1812. In the year 1840 she was married to Hon. Nicholas Stephens, and with her husband she enjoyed 50 years of wedded life. Mr. Stephens died in June, 1890, at his home in Altoona. Since the year 1871 Mrs. Stephens has been a resident of that city. Prior to that time, together with her husband, she lived at Frankstown, Blair county. Mrs. Stevens is survived by seven children and forty grand children. Thomas J. Stephens, of Gallitzin, is one of her sons.

—Farming pays many people, and one of that number is John Stoneback, of Blacklick township. He does not try to farm 150 acres, but concentrates his labor on 80 acres and the result shows his wisdom. From 22 acres he raised 2,287 bushels of corn. He will have 50 tons of good hay for sale after keeping enough for his own stock; 150,000 celery plants safely housed for the winter form one of the items of profit; 2,500 heads of cabbages, 300 heads of cauliflower, 300 bushels of potatoes were raised on the same ground that the celery was raised on. Four thousand quarts of sea strawberries also help to swell the list, which does not include the tomatoes, beans, sweet corn (of which they sold 600 dozen) and other vegetables.—*Indiana Democrat.*

—A couple of men engaged in the secret service of the Internal Revenue Department were here one day last week on their way to the eastern part of the county, where they are informed are several illicit distilleries. They will also visit portions of northern Cambria county before they return.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—Mrs. Mary Doran, relict of James Doran, died at her home in Summerhill township, on Tuesday, November 14th, 1893, aged about 83 years. The deceased was one of the oldest residents of Summerhill township, and the mother of the well-known Doran family. She had been an invalid for a number of years.

—On Saturday a force of men who are employed at doing some railroad work near Cresson under Contractor Finn, of Altoona, prepared a blast for the purpose of breaking a large rock that had to be removed. After the rock was drilled several kegs of giant powder were placed in the hole and when ready to be exploded two men were sent out as guards to warn people from approaching too near the scene of the blast. A teamster, however, disregarded the warning and passed close by just when the explosion took place and one of the horses was instanly killed, and the other so badly injured that it had to be killed. The team belonged to Contractor Finn.

—On Thursday of last week a man named Bell, who had been employed as a confidential clerk and book-keeper for T. H. Wood & Co., of Chicago, since 1890, was arrested on a charge of embezzlement, and, while in the court room arranging for a bond, committed suicide by taking four grains of arsenic. A peculiar suit has been instituted by Mr. Flood to recover from an insurance company the amount of policy Bell held on his life, as a part indemnity for the emount embezzled by the late book-keeper. Since Bell's suicide it has been discovered that he is the son of the Rev. Peter G. Bell, an esteemed Lutheran minister at Altoona, Pa. The son, it seems, ran away from home, following a circus fourteen years ago. His parents long searched for him, but finally—years ago—concluded that he was dead.

On Account of Hard Times.

The Gallitzin *Vindicator* has suspended publication and makes the following announcement of the fact in last week's issue:

OUR LAST ISSUE.

We feel it will be a surprise to our many friends when we tell them that with this issue ends the career of the *Industrial Vindicator* as a reform and official organ. Like most reform organs we had to struggle against desperate odds, and those who should have been our staunchest supporters seemed blind to the fact that it takes money to run a newspaper, and that a newspaper publisher needs money to sustain life. We have carried our friends along with as little complaint as possible for years, but the long season of depression that has cursed our town has had its effect upon us as well as others, and we are compelled to close for want of cash. Our office will be closed for a few weeks, but as soon as the machinery is arranged a new firm will take hold of the paper, and all paid-up subscribers will receive the paper until their subscription expires. In the meantime we trust those indebted to us will come forward and settle their accounts. We regret to be forced to take this step, and we know many laboring men, whose cause we advocated fearlessly, will feel the loss of a defender, but the fault lays with them, not with us, as our books will show. What the policy of the paper will be in the future we can not say, but our successors will make it known in due time. We thank our many friends for the generous support, and should we be in any way connected with the paper hereafter, we hope the friendship established between us will continue. With a kind good-bye to all our friends and supporters, I am respectfully yours,

JAMES W. KILLDUFF.

Opening of Our New Schools.

Our public schools opened up to-day. Prof. Gibson has promulgated the following rules:

All new books and stationary will be furnished free, but pupils are requested to bring and use all old books in their possession. The board requests this in order to lessen the expense of purchasing an entire stock of of books this term.

Parents are asked to see that this request is carried out.

The attention of parents is called to the following rule found in all new books put into the hands of their children:

RULE 6.—The parents or guardians will be held responsible for any damage done to the books beyond the usual wear and tear, and may be fined for such damage, or the pupil suspended by the teacher and expelled by the board in case such fines are not promptly paid.

The Congregational church bell will ring at 8:45 A. M., and 1:15 P. M., when pupils will come to the school house and pass immediately into their respective rooms. Parents are requested to see that their children do not come to the grounds or school house until the bell rings.

In coming into the school house all pupils will pass up the main entrance and in at the front door.

Last term the Ebensburg schools were first in the county in regular attendance. Cannot they hold the same rank this term? Two very emphatic considerations in the promotion of pupils will be regular attendance and effort. If parents give their aid in securing the former, the teachers will earnestly strive to obtain the latter.

All parents and patrons are cordially invited to visit the schools.

T. L. GIBSON,
Principal.

Here is a Good One.

An interesting find was made on Friday in the custom coal bank operated by Mr. Geo. Pritts, near Prittstown. The miner was working a vein of unusually hard coal. He knocked down a large lump and when breaking it up was greatly surprised to find something resembling a crab roll out. The object was brought to light and proved to be a fully developed crab, which crawled about in the sunlight for half an hour, when it died. The animal was a fully developed crab, differing from the ordinary crab only in color, being jet black. An examination of the lump of coal found it to have been perfectly solid, the animal having occupied a snug little cavity in the center. How it got there is a mystery. The only way possible seems to be that it found lodgment there during the coal-forming period of the world's history and had occupied its dark house ever since.—*Scottdale Independent.*

How to Keep Cider Sweet.

Pure, sweet cider, that is arrested in the process of fermentation before it becomes acetic acid, or even alcohol, and with carbonic acid gas worked out, is one of the most delightful beverages. The following scientific method of treating cider will preserve its sweetness: When the saccharine matters, by fermentation, are being converted into alcohol, if a bent tube be inserted air tight into the bung, with the other end in a pail of water, to allow the carbonic acid gas evolved to pass off without admitting any air into the barrel, a beverage will be obtained that is fit nectar for the gods. A handy way is to fill your cask nearly up to the wooden faucet, when the cask is rolled so the bung is down. Get a common rubber tube and slip it over the end of the plug in the faucet, with the other end in the pail. Then turn the plug so the cider can have communication with the pail. After the water ceases to bubble, bottle or store away.

Teachers' Institute.

On Monday, November 27th, the twenty-seventh annual session of the Cambria county teachers' institute will be held in the Court House and continue in session till Friday.

Instructors—Prof. John B. DeMotte, of DuPaw University; Hon. Henry Houck, deputy superintendent of public instruction; Dr. D. J. Waller, principal Indiana state normal school; Supt. Joseph S. Walton, Chester county; Dr. L. B. Sherry, of Ohio; Supt. J. M. Berkey, Somerset county.

Music—Prof. T. L. Gibson, director; E. H. Davis, pianist; Prof. J. Lisle Apple, soloist.

THE LECTURES.

Monday evening—Prof. John B. DeMotte, assisted by Truman W. Harrington, of Chicago. "Air and the Aeronaut." Illustrated.

Tuesday evening—The Schumann Quartette Concert Company, of Chicago.

Wednesday evening—Prof. R. L. Cumnock, in humorous, dramatic and heroic readings.

Thursday evening—Hon. Henry Houck, deputy state superintendent of public instruction. "The Old and the New."

Music each evening by Frank Di Cilo's orchestra.

Season ticket with reserved seat each evening, $1.50; season ticket without reserved seat, $1.00; single admission, 35 cents; reserved seat, 50 cents; school children, 25 cents.

Chart of seats open each morning, except Monday, at 7:30. On Monday morning one-half of the board will open for selection of seats at 10:30, and the other half at 4:30 P. M. Chart of seats at James' drug store.

TEACHERS' WORK.

Tuesday morning—J. Shrock, chairman.
T. K. Saylor—School government.
G. E. Hipps—Manual training.
Pearl E. Taylor—History—its uses in the school.
R. H. Biter—Mental arithmetic.
Anna McGlade—The public school teacher.
Wednesday morning—Pearl E. Taylor, chairman.
Frank M. Gray—That slow boy.
H. S. Bender—Science for boys and girls.
Mary Cooper—Phonics in the primary grades.
I. P. Yahner—Things that many of us neglect.
J. Schrock—School discipline.
Thursday morning—R. H. Biter, chairman.
R. E. Davison—Chalk in Geography.
I. L. Fiscus—Culture of the memory.
W. F. Ribbler—Duties to our profession.
David Berkey—Is the the copy book a necessity, a convenience or nuisance?
C. B. DeLancy—Why some teachers fail.
Friday morning—T. L. Gibson, chairman.
J. C. Johnston—Education for citizenship.
Geo. H. Bonner—Teaching United States history.
W. A. Krise—Hobbies in the school room.
W. A. Weaver—Importance of the teacher's work.
J. A. Schreckengast—Dangers in practice.
S. S. Blough—Should music be made a separate branch?

These are to be ten-minute speeches, in order to give as much time as possible for discussion of these or any other matters of intetest during the teachers' hour, from 8:30 to 10:00 A. M.

DIRECTORS' DAY.

The directors of the county are earnestly requested to meet with the teachers in joint session on Wednesday afternoon. The addresses of this session will be specially interesting to our directors. After the joint session the directors will retire to the office of the county superintendent, where the Directors' Association of Cambria county will hold its annual institute meeting.

Questions. 1. Are Cambria county directors in favor of compulsory education? If so, to what extent? 2. What does the new law concerning out-buildings require? 3. What pay should the secretary receive for his labor? 4. Who should visit the schools and how often? 5. Is the state appropriation distributed fairly? 6. How shall our text books be taken care of? 7. Why do no not the secretaries and teachers agree in reporting the number of pupils enrolled during the term? 8. Why should every school have an unabridged dictionary, a cyclopedia, a globe, numerical frame, material for busy work, maps, charts, weights, measures, for teaching denominate numbers, etc.? 9. Is it legal for directors to agree individually to purchase material from agents, or without consulting teachers? 10. How can we improve our schools? 11. How can we get better teachers?

Every director should come ready to say something on some of these topics. All evening entertainments are free to directors.

Repectfully,
J. W. LEEDH.

Attacked by Robbers.

Somerset, Pa., Nov. 15.—Last Sunday evening Farmer Andrew Mock and wife were sitting in the kitchen reading. Two masked men suddenly entered the door. Mr. Mock sprang to his feet and was struck a savage blow over the the head with a club in the hands of one of the intruders. Mock hurled a bucket partly filled with coal at the man who struck him, knocking him down. The second visitor struck Mock over the head with a club and he fell unconscious. Mrs. Mock leaped upon the back of her husband's assailant, and, tearing the mask from his face, began to beat him with all her might. A confederate, who was watching outside the house, rushed in and tore Mrs. Mock from the back of his companion.

The woman fought like a tiger, and it was not until two of the men had beaten her over the head with clubs until she became exhausted that she gave up the fight. So much noise had been made in the struggle that the robbers took a hasty departure, not stopping to search the house for fear that neighbors who lived close by would arrive. Mrs. Mock revived and summoned assistance, Mr. and Mrs. Mock were badly hurt. Mrs. Mock's head was laid open in several places. Her husband's head was also badly gashed.

Suicide at Coalport.

Joseph Welsh, an aged stone-cutter of Coalport, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning with a bullet through his head. The ball hac entered at a point between the left eye and the nose and pierced the brain. In the right hand of the corpse was clutched a revolver with one chamber empty. The left hand rested on the weapon.

Welsh had not been seen since Thursday evening, when he and his wife had a quarrel, in which the subject of a divorce was freely discussed. Mrs. Welsh stopped the trouble by leaving the house and going to the hotel of H. B. Allison, where she has since remained. On Saturday morning Messrs. Allison and W. F. Lydick concluded to look in at the Welsh house and see how the old man was faring. They found him dead as above described. The body reclined on a bed fully clothed.

On a small table near the bed was found a letter written in German. In this Mr. Welsh upraided his wife as the cause of his troubles. He stated that he had concluded to save her the trouble of procuring a divorce. The wife is said to take the matter very calmly.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, November 15th, 1893:

Oscar McNulty, Carroll township, and Alice Behe, Allegheny township.
George N. Varner and Edith Bough, Johnstown.
Peter Meehan and Kate Ford, Johnstown.
Robert Gilmour and Emma J. Weyandt, Dunlo.
James Herman Gilmore and Minnie Turley, Reade township.
Clark Shaffer and Mary E. Pringle, Summerhill township.
Harry H. Joy and Jennie Carle, Walnut Grove.
A. B. Reynolds and Mattie Ridenour, Dunlo.
William H. James and Maud Spiers, Morrellville.
John Reardon and Jane Bolton, Elder township.
Ignatius Cosponson and Annie Echart, Cassandra.
Albert Ashcroft and Viola Baum, Elder township.
Joseph Hoffman and Susan Wolf, Johnstown.

Signs of the Times.

The leaves in the forest are beginning to turn yellow and brown, and to drop off one by one, presaging the approach of autumn and bringing with it many climatic changes. It needs a very strong constitution to withstand the sudden shocks of cold and moisture. Unfortunately there are very few so gifted, the majority of the human race need to have their natures strengthened and stimulated, and there is no better remedial agent than a pure rye whiskey. Klein's Silver Age Rye has stood the severest tests and has been found to be absolutely perfect, being recommended and prescribed by the highest medical authorities. It is for sale by dealers generally at $1.50 per full quart; Duquesne Rye at $1.25 per quart, and Bear Creek at $1.00 per quart are highly recommended. Send for a catalogue of all kinds of liquors to

MAX KEEIN,
82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

—Hon. J. J. Thomas, of Carrolltown, has been appointed by Governor Pattison as one of the delegates to the farmers' national congress, which convenes at Savannah, Ga., December 12. Matt Savage is the Clearfield delegate.

Miscellaneous Notices.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a number of lots for building purposes in Washington township, Cambria county, adjacent to the coal mines of Powell & McCoy, now in operation. These lots are situated midway between Summit and the block bridge, on the township road. Call on or address PAUL M'KENNA,
Sept. 1, 1893. Summit, Cambria Co., Pa.

LOST.—On Thursday of last week on the township road leading from Gallitzin to Ashville near the water works in Gallitzin, a coil of copper wire. A suitable reward will be given to any person giving information that will lead to its recovery. Address. J. T. SIMPSON,
Ebensburg, Pa.

LOST.—Small purse, dark green lizard skin, with plain silver clasp, containing several dollars. Lost on Munster turnpike between O'Hara's and Cresson. Suitable reward for return of same to Mrs. Maurice Cox; or, P. O. Box 45, Cresson, Pa.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in November, $1,000.00. THOS. DAVIS,
LESTER LAMMER, Secretary. President.

AGENTS (male or female) make $10 a day. New invention. Every household must have it. Small outlay, big profits. Perfection Mfg. Co., 156 St., Clair St., Cleveland, O.

A Fine Assortment of
Millinery Goods,
as well as a Most Beautiful Line of
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S COATS,
CAN BE BOUGHT AT
HALF PRICE
From Now till December 1st at
FANNIE HOWELL'S,
MAIN STREET,
GALLITZIN.

TRIAL LIST.

List of causes set down for trial at a term of court to be held the second week of December, 1893:

Foust vs. Otto.
Huber vs. Chest Creek Coal & Coke Co.
Fowler vs. Bland.
Noon vs. Brindle et al.
Schoonover vs. Dean.
Strause, Rothschild & Co. vs. Hochstein.
Gardner vs. Stevens.
Hughes vs. Reese.
Edwards vs. Edwards et al.
Hungrad vs. Johnstown Passenger Railway Co.
Wilson et al vs. Westover et al.
Same vs. Mays et al.
Brock vs. Williams.
Bender vs. Pryor.
Caulfiel vs. Cresswell.
Duncan vs. Pender.
Noel vs. Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Wentz vs. Campbell et al.
Martin vs. Lilly School District.
Shoemaker vs. Good.
Blair vs. Good.
Christy vs. Mitchell & Co.
Christy vs. Mitchell & Co.
Hoffman vs. Beaurlin Brewing Co.
Openheimer & Co. vs. Deahey.

J. C. DARBY,
Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's office, Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 6th, 1893.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on **Monday, the 11th day of December, A. D. 1893,** by F. F. Campbell, H. D. Hoover, John P. Lloyd, M. D. Bearer and John C. Martin, under an Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the **John C. Martin Coal Company,** the character and object of which is to mine coal, manufacture coke, ship and sell the same, and for the e purpo es to have, posess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

Nov. 17, 1893.

EAGLE BRAND
The Best
ROOFING

Is unequaled for house, barn, factory or outbuildings and costs half the price of shingles, tin or iron. It is ready for use and easily applied by anyone.

Rubber Paint

Costs only 50 cents per gallon in barrel lots, or $4 50 for 5 gallon tubs. Color, dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs that will last for years. TRY IT. Send stamp for samples and full particulars.

Excelsior Paint and Roofing Company,
155 Duane St., New York, N. Y.
sep22-3m.nr.

Mountain House
STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luther, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.
☞Ladies waited on at their residences.
JAMES H. GANT,
Proprietor

HOTEL LEGRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Margaret Gleason, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret Gleason, late of the borough of Portage, in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, having been granted to me by the Register of Wills of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment to me without delay and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to me.
JOHN P. GROOME,
Portage, Pa., Oct. 20, 1893.6t. Executor.

S. L. REED. MATTHOT READE.
REED & READE,
Attorneys at Law,
EBENSBURG, - - - PENNA.
☞Office on Centre street. [4.28.93

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
☞Special attention to given claims for Pension Bounty, etc. eb7-'90

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - PA
☞Office on Centre street.

P. J. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - - PA.
☞Office in Opera House. oc6 93

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞Office in Colonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞Office in Opera House, Center street.

H. C. COOPER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EBENSBURG, - - PA
☞Office on High street in room formerly occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company. [Jun23-93

BUSY?
..OF..
COURSE.

THE BIGGEST CROWD is the best proof of public confidence justly reposed in a merchant, and of the best place that gives the best value for the money.

Hitting the nail on the head requires a good eye. Use your good eye and make a note of our name and prices.

Mr. H. Orth, our buyer, has returned from the East, and while there bought large and got good prices. We buy only for CASH and cash buys more than credit these dull times. We have a larger stock than ever before, therefore we are able to quote some good prices.

In Dry Goods.

Ginghams in all paterns at 5 cents per yard.
Muslin, full width, at 4½ cents per yard.
Blue calicos, all patterns, at 5 cents per yard. Just think of it, former price 8½ cents per yard.
Outing cloth in every style at 10 cents per yard.
Table Linen, white, at 20 cents per yard.
White flannel at 20, 35 and 48 cents per yard.
Red flannel from 18 to 35 cents per yard.
Gray flannel at 12½ cents per yard.
Storm serge, blue or black, at 40 cents per yard.
Broadcloth, blue or black, 56 inches wide, at 85 cents.
All-wool Henrietta, 54 inches wide, $1.00
Bordered serge, gray or brown, at 22 cents.
Camel hair mixed, the latest dress goods, at 40 cents.
Any color of Casmere you want 25 cents per yard.
Hop-sacking, the latest and most fashionable dress goods, at 85 cents per yad.
Chenille table covers, very pretty, from $1.48 to $2.50.

Ladies' Furnishing Department.

Ladies' Jersey ribbed vests, with sleeves, at 25 cents.
Ladies' wool hose at 20 cents.
Ladies' Fascinators from 15 cents to $1.50.
Ladies' Coats, all sizes, from $1.50 to $15.00.

Blankets and Haps in Abundance.

Gray and white blankets from 75 cents to $6.48 per pair. Remember these blankets are full 10-4 wide. Haps, full size, from 75 cents to $3.00.

CLOTHING.

FOR BOYS.

Boys' suits, latest styles, from $1.24 to $7.00.
Youth's suits in the very latest patterns, commencing at $2.80 and up.
We bought a special lot of boys' three-piece suits, sizes 9, 10, 11 and 12. They are actually worth $12.00. We can sell them for $3.50 and $4.98. They are dandies.

FOR MEN.

We are strictly in the swim.
Good heavy worsted suits, all sizes, for $5.98.
Better suits as high as $22.00.
The overcoat season is here. Our sales have started and they are going fast.
WHY?
Because no one ever saw them so cheap.
We are prepared for a big trade in pants.
We mean to sell and can't help it. If you look at our fine line you will buy.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

WE ARE IN THE LEAD.

Stiff hats, the latest styles, for $1.00.
Better quality stiff hats from $1.25 up to $2.50.
Caps in all styles and kinds from 10 cents to $1.00.
Good heavy overshirts for 48 cents.
All-wool blue, black and grey shirts for $1.25.
Latest styles laundried shirts, with collar attached, from 75 cents up to $1.50.
You ought to see

Our Line of 24c. Ties.

THEY ARE BEAUTIES.

All-wool "Golden Rule" underclothing at 90 cents.
Camel's hair, the best made underclothing, for 75 cents each.
Two-threaded "non-shrinking" underclothing, any stripe or pattern you want for $1.00 each.
These goods are manufactured by the Switz Condee Mills and a guarantee accompanies each and every one.

CARPETS.

The carpets this season are very nice. The patterns are bright and fascinating. See them and you will be convinced that OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT for anybody. We carry

LARGER STOCK of OIL CLOTH

than any other store on the mountain. It is beautiful.

Furniture.

Full eight-piece hard wood bedroom suit, $22.00.
Full eight-piece oak bedroom suit, $27.00.
Beds, light or dark, from $2.50 to $7.50.
Lounges, Moquet plush, very fancy, for $5.50.
These lounges are full six feet long and good width.
We carry the best assortment of rockers in town.
It would do you good to see our leader: A cane bottom rocker, with very fancy back, for $2.98.

Kitchen Tables, $1.98.

Breakfast Tables, drop leaf, six legs, for $3.00.
Six foot extension tables, drop leaf, oak, for $5.00. Child's rockers from 50 cents to $1.75.
See our

CHILD'S ROCKER FOR $1.24.

We give you one mattress bed tick, cotton top and woven wire spring for $5.00.
"Solid bottom" kitchen chair, light or dark, $3.00.
Ask any of our customers and they will recommend and advise you to buy our $6.24 cane chairs.

SHOES!

A GREAT VARIETY!
ALL SHAPES AND STYLES.

Ladies' Dongola tip, button, C. S. or opera, $1.25.
Ladies' Dongola tip, spring heel, $1.25, $1.35, $1.75 and $2.00.
Ladies' Dongola tip Blucher, $2.50.
Men's buckle brogans, 95 cents.
Men's zip or plain Congress and Bals at $1.25.

ORTH & CO.,
THE PIONEERS OF LOW PRICES,
GALLITZIN, PENNA.

JUST RECEIVED.
A CAR LOAD OF
ODORLESS PHOSPHATE
—AT—
EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.
ALSO: SOME ELEGANT POTATO DIGGERS.

JOHN PFISTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Hardware, Queensware,
MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLES IN SEASON,
HARNESS, ETC.,
OPPOSITE JUNCTION HOTEL,
CRESSON, PA.
may2 '93ly

JUST RECEIVED!
—A LARGE LOT—
Boots & Shoes
—BOUGHT AT—
Sheriff's Sale!
—FROM THE STOCK OF—
W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.
JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

FULL BLOOD SHROPSHIRES
FOR SALE!

I have a choice lot of ram lambs which are richly bred from both sire and dams of noted stock. They are covered with a dense fleece of choice wool. Low down, square animals, built broad and of good weight and in good condition. There is no better stock to place at the head of a herd of good ewes. I will sell a limited number of ewe lambs and also a few good yearling ewes if anyone wants something fine to start a fine flock equal to any in the land for wool and mutton. Will be sold soon. REUBEN FOX,
Oct. 20, 1893. Tyrone, Blair county, Pa.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address H. A. ENGLEHART,
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

TO ALL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
Notice is hereby given that I have purchased from Will iam McManamy, of White township, and left them in his possession during my pleasure, two horses and sucking colt, seven cows, three hogs, about 15 tons of hay, plows, harrows, mowing machine, hayrake, two-horse wagon, pair of bob sleds, household and kitchen furniture, four head of young cattle and one wind mill. JOHN McMANAMY,
White township, Cambria county, Pa.
Nov. 3, 1893.

STRA

DEATH OF A BIG INDIAN.

The Hereditary Chief of the Sioux Nation.

How Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses Got His Queer Name—An Important Figure in Government Records.

There was a funeral at the Pine Ridge Ageney a few weeks ago of an Indian chief, who was a brave warrior, and as great in diplomacy as he was in battle.

His name was Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, and he was the hereditary chief of the whole Sioux nation. He was fifty-eight years of age at the time of his death, and was a son of the famous old warrior "A-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses," who died in 1889 at the age of ninety-two, and whose life is intimately connected with the frontier history of this country since the early days of the century.

When an Indian wants to emphasize a fact strongly, he says the exact opposite of what he means, and so the name of the dead chief is a specimen of Indian satire.

His father, in his fights with other Indians, adopted the tactics of the whites. The usual method of the Indians is to ride in circles around the object of attack, narrowing the diameter of the circle as the fight proceeds.

But the father used the regulation cavalry charge—a method of warfare that at once distinguished him, and he was given a name which meant "a man of whose horses the enemy is afraid." The Sioux satirist thought to improve on this and condensed it to: "A-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses."

The old man's son, the chief now dead, continued his father's system of tactics, and, with the chieftainey, was given the title: "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses."

He was contemporaneous as a chieftain of the Sioux with such Indians as Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, American Horse, Black Bear, Lone Wolf, Red Leaf and White Thunder, all of whom were men of undoubted courage and natural leaders of their people.

He occupied a peculiar position as chief. His Indian subjects believed that he had great influence with the whites, and they were constantly asking him to have their grievances redressed.

On the other hand, Gens. Crook and Miles recognized that his sway was less disputed than that of any other Indian chief, and they used him to accomplish results which, without him, could only have been secured by threats and hard fighting.

He recognized the great strength of the whites, and became a wise mediator. He was also possessed of exceptional ability, and saw that there was greater honor to himself and benefit to his people by living in peace, both with the white and the red men, than in being in constant conflict with them.

At one time, he had a habit of going out on a hunt with a small force, meeting a superior force of Crows or Pawnees, giving them battle and coming off victorious.

But about twelve years ago, he and a band of Sioux went to the Little Missouri on a buffalo hunt. Spotted Horse and Crazy Head, two of the biggest chiefs of the Crows, were also there with a party of their people. Young-Man-Afraid, instead of fighting his hereditary enemies, arranged a peace treaty, and since that time the two nations have been the best of friends.

He recognized the fact that with the disappearance of the buffalo the Indian of the plains would no longer be able to resist the advance of civilization, and, although a great buffalo hunter, he made a strong effort to preserve that animal.

But when its extermination was assured, he advocated peace with the whites, and was ever friendly with them, although sometimes strongly tempted otherwise.

In 1890 and 1891, when the Messiah craze was at its height, and the Sioux were engaged in ghost dances, the dead chief did not encourage them, and could not see that they would get any benefit from their actions, but he held that no one had a right to interfere with them unless they committed some act of violence.

He was absent at the time of the battle of Wounded Knee, but returned soon afterward, and cast the weight of his great influence with the Indians for peace.

When he went back to his people after his first visit to Washington, in 1870, he described to them what he had seen and heard on the journey. He told them about the iron horse which carried him. They understood all that. It was white man's medicine. He told them about talking wires (telegraph), and they understood that also; it was white man's magic.

But when he told them about buildings six and seven stories high, that was too much, and he would have to take it back. But he would not, and, as they could not doubt his sincerity, they came to the conclusion that the whites had given him a draught to drink which had bewitched him. For a time there was much talk of getting a new chief.

The Sioux believe that Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses had some brothers living. An effort will be made to find them, and if it is successful one of them will be made the chief by natural law. If the search is a failure, there will be an election for the chief, in which all the Sioux people will engage.

A CHAMPION EATER.

He Once Ate Seven Pounds of Food at a Single Sitting.

A bigger eater than was Franz Friedrich, who died in St. Catherine's hospital in Williamsburg recently, it was probably hard to find anywhere. On account of his enormous appetite Friedrich's friends nicknamed him professor. He was about fifty years old.

About twenty years ago, says the New York Sun, he came into prominence by offering to wager anybody that he could eat five pounds of food at one sitting. His wager was taken up and he won. Then he blossomed out as the champion eater of Williamsburg. It is said that his greatest feast was a few years ago, when he ate a big boiled goose, five pounds of frankfurters, one pound of Swiss cheese, a loaf of rye bread and about two gallons of beer at a ball. At Easter time, a few years ago, Friedrich, it is said, ate fifty eggs in one hour on a wager. He did other remarkable feats, and made considerable money. When he was taken ill a few months ago he turned the scales at three hundred pounds. During his illness he wasted away, and at his death weighed only a little more than one hundred and fifty pounds.

HITS AND MISSES.

People with false teeth should grin in private.

There are some things a woman is more graceful at than riding a bicycle.

The man who tells you he is sorry he can't help you would not do so if he could.

When you stop to argue with a woman time must hang heavy on your hands.

Many men can forgive and pity a thief with more ease than they can a liar.—Arkansaw Traveler.

COL. C. W. DEAN.

SUNSTRUCK IN BATTLE!

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., ELKHART, IND.—I must say the **Restorative Nervine** and **Nerve** and **Liver Pills** have done me great good.

FOR YEARS I HAVE NOT FELT AS WELL AS NOW.

The starting point of my disease was a sunstroke received in battle before Fort Hudson, Louisiana, June 14th, 1863. Up to the time of beginning to take **Dr. Miles' Remedies** I had had a continual distracting pain in my head; also, weak spells, and the past four years I have had to give up everything of an active character, and stay in the house for **HAS CURED** months at a time; could not walk across the street. I KNOW YOUR REMEDIES HAVE CURED ME, and that the cure will be permanent. Several of my **THOUSANDS** friends here are using your remedies, and all speak well of them. Yours truly,

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National Military Home, Dayton, O.

DR. MILES' NERVINE is the most certain cure for **Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness, Spasms, Sleeplessness, Dullness, Blues, and Opium Habit.** Contains no opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold on a Positive Guarantee.

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Pure Tallow Soap.

Is perfect; in other words it is all Soap, and the best for laundry purposes made. Agents wanted to sell to private families, also a general club order agent in each town.

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Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 129 W. 46th St., N. Y.

Cures Sick Headache

OLD HONESTY
CHEWING TOBACCO
is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you.
JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. **The best remedy is Ayer's Pills.** Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

RUMBLINGS FROM THE RAILS.

The 6,000 miles of railroads in Indiana are assessed at $160,000,000.

In seven months of this year 120 persons in Chicago have lost their lives at railroad crossings. In Brooklyn the deadly trolley is striving to excel Chicago's record.

The ordinary number of trains leaving Waterloo terminus daily is 700, with some 100,000 passengers. From no other London terminus do so many general and heavy trains leave in the twenty-four hours.

A survey for a new railway which, when built, will draw the trade of southeastern Mexico and northern Guatemala to British Honduras or Belize has been made. The road will open up immense forests of mahogany and other valuable woods.

A recent cyclone in Iowa followed the route of a railroad for many miles. Deliberation on this fact has convinced a Keokuk theorist that it is possible to conduct all the cyclones out into the open sections of the country, where they can do little harm, by having railroads convenient for them to travel on.

Making a mountain stream run over and above a railroad track is a unique piece of engineering that the Southern Pacific railroad is shortly to commence near Wright's Station in the Santa Cruz mountains, in California. When completed it will probably make the largest artificial cataract in the world.

Every railway should have its surgeon. He is a necessity as much as its lawyer, its president, or even its superintendent. The professions of both law and medicine are now a necessity for the proper management and conduct of a railway. The railway surgeon came, perhaps, last, but he has come to stay, and no railway of any importance can now dispense with this officer.

ANCIENT COINS.

Roman colonial coins bore a number of banners corresponding to the number of the legion whose veterans had occupied the country.

The Indians of the Ohio valley made coins of anthracite coal. These tokens were always engraved with figures supposed to indicate the value.

No representation of the face of a man was ever stamped on a coin until after the death of Alexander the Great, who was regarded as a divinity.

The mite mentioned in the Gospel in connection with the widow's contribution to the treasury was a Greek copper coin weighing eighteen grains.

The first European coinage was issued by Pheidon, king of Argos, who coined copper and silver. The best authors place his reign at B. C. 783.

The piece of money taken by Peter from the mouth of the fish in order to pay the government poll tax was an imperial stater of silver worth about twenty-five cents.

The shell coins used by the Indians were manufactured in such enormous quantities by the Dutch at New York that the value of the currency was greatly depreciated.

A MUSICAL MEDLEY.

London music halls are more prosperous than ever. Theaters droop, but music halls flourish.

Street bands are not permitted in Germany, unless they accompany processions. In Vienna the organ grinders are allowed to play only between noon and sunset.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson uses music for his amusement, but when he wants real recreation he goes digging in his garden and fields. The Norwegian novelist is no j.

The pianoforte upon which Wagner received his earliest teaching in counterpoint and composition from Theodore Weinlig, of Leipzig, has been added to the objects in the Wagner museum in Vienna.

Verdi is writing another opera; and has invited the Italian singer, Emma Bellincioni, to create the leading role. "Your youth and beauty," said Verdi, at his first meeting with her, "will compensate for all the faults and failings in the composition of my old age."

CAUGHT BY THE TIDES.

Great Britain has 2,836 registered pilots.

The first iron steamship was built in Great Britain in 1843.

The latest ocean steamship suggestion is a submarine trolley.

In 1672 the whale fishing was begun by vessels from Nantucket.

The Dead sea loses every day by evaporation several million tons of water.

Lloyd's reports 1,808 vessels lost in 1892, of which 249 were British and 129 American.

Vessels salute each other at sea by dipping their colors over the taffrail in the ship's wake.

Of the 3,559 vessels using the Suez canal in 1892, 2,581 were British. France fell from second to third place in the list, with 174. Germany follows England, and only 292 ships of that nation passed through the canal. Two American vessels used it.

WITH THE SPORTS.

Game is plentiful in Maine this season, especially deer and bear.

In a cricket match recently Mr. Sprout, of Liverpool, bowled nine balls, and with the last eight of them took eight wickets.

Editor W. R. Hearst, of the San Francisco Examiner, has sold his swift steam yacht Vamoose, which has beaten nearly all the boats that sail in New York waters. The price received is said to be $22,500, about one-third of what the yacht cost three years ago.

Lord Harris, the present governor of Bombay, is better known by his triumphs in the cricket field as captain of the Kent county eleven than as a statesman. He has had considerable experience in public life, however, and is said to be a man of marked capacity. He is a direct descendant of the famous Canning.

ART ETCHINGS.

The oldest statue in the world is of the shiek of an Egyptian village. It is believed to be not less than 6,000 years old.

The mosaic copies in the vatican of large pictures by Raphael, Domenichino and others occupied from twelve to twenty-five years to execute and required from 15,000 to 20,000 different shades of color.

A mosaic portrait of President Cleveland is on exhibition in Yonkers, N. Y., which contains 300,000 pieces of Italian marble of various colors and weighs 300 pounds. It is the work of Marlenne Gilbert, an artist at Rome.

A celebrated picture painted by Delaroche in 1848 for the earl of Onslow represents "Napoleon Crossing the St. Bernard." It was sold recently in London along with other pictures of the Onslow collection, and its purchaser, H. Yates Thompson, has presented it to the Liverpool gallery.

In details which no one but a critical observer would be apt to note, Meissonier was very careful. Before painting one of his historic pictures, the scene of which is in a wheat field, he actually bought a wheat field, and had a squadron of cavalry gallop through it, that he might see how the wheat fell.

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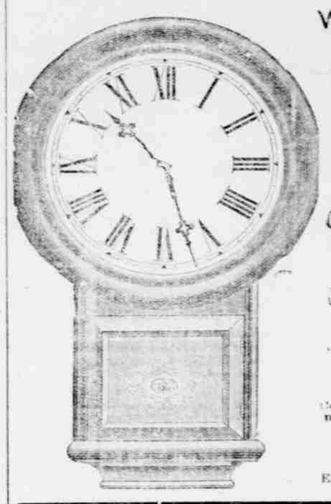
—AND DEALER IN—



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We have wagons, buggies, surreys. High grade; as light, strong, durable, stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized manufacture can produce. Built on honor by men of life experience. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp

must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the **genuine** Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over **2,000** varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World.*

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THE CURE FOR
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Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian **HAIR RENEWER.**

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE **WHISKERS**

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

CASSIDAY'S

Shaving Parlor,

EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known Shaving Parlor is located on Centre street, near the County Jail, has recently been handsomely refurnished, papered, and fitted with every modern convenience, and is one of the prettiest, neatest, and best shops in Northern Cambria. It is in charge of competent workmen who will give every attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.

ROBERT CASSIDAY.

Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases

are all gold as far as you can see. They look like solid cases, wear like solid cases, and are solid cases for all practical purposes—yet only cost about half as much as an out-and-out solid gold case. Warranted to wear for 20 years; many in constant use for thirty years. Better than ever since they are now fitted, at no extra cost, with the great bow (ring) which *cannot be pulled or twisted off* the case—the

Non-pull-out

Can only be had on the cases stamped with this trade mark.

All others have the old-style pull-out bow, which is only held to the case by friction, and can be twisted off with the fingers.

Sold only through watch dealers. Send for a watch case opener to the manufacturers

Keystone Watch Case Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

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Shaving Parlor,

Main Street, Near Post Office

☞ The undersigned desires to inform the public that they have opened a shaving par or on Main Street, near the post office where barbering in all its branches will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.

Your patronage solicited.

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WANTED SOLICITORS FIRST-CLASS,

to handle the Official Directory and Reference Book of the World's Columbian Exposition, profusely illustrated, handsomely bound, sells at popular price, pays good commissions. Everybody needs it; not in this line and will buy it. Exclusive territory given. Send for handsome descriptive circular.

W. B. CONKEY CO. Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

HOMESPUN FOR CLOTHING.

Material from Canada in Great Demand Among Men of Fashion.

Rough, picturesque material of a light gray or creamy color and coarse as a towel is occasionally seen in the streets of New York, worn by men of fashion during the hot weather, and usually all three pieces of the suit are worn together. Many people wonder where this cloth comes from, says the World, for it is not to be found in any of the tailor shops and is never seen in ready-made clothing.

The material is Canadian homespun. It is not the homespun which is made in the steam mills, but is the real article, and it is made on hand looms by the inhabitants of Canada during the long winter here. No two pieces are ever alike, and it is impossible to "match it." This cloth is admirably suited for hot weather. Its rough coat makes it look thick and heavy, but it is loosely woven and the wind blows through it. Then, again, it can be thrown into a tub and washed. This cloth comes in all varieties of gray and contains no dye.

The habitant saves the fleeces of his sheep, one or two of which are likely to be black. He mixes the black with the white wool, and if he has no black sheep his homespun will be all white.

The French Canadian farmer wears this homespun himself. It is so cheap in Canada and so universally worn by the poorer classes there that a gentleman from Three Rivers says: "Nobody making any pretension of fashion or style in Canada would wear the homespun of the country, which, like blue jeans in some parts of the west, is regarded as the mark of the countryman. Yet it is an excellent, honest, serviceable and handsome material. I have seen it in fashionable tailor shops of London, where it is sold for a high price on its merits. It has an air of picturesque distinction possessed by no other material for men's clothes."

Who has ever seen American homespun? That, too, never gets into the New York market. The homespun made by the farmers and farmers' wives of Maine is a handsome, closely woven brown material, stained with butternut juice. In the mountains of West Virginia also strong, serviceable material is made and worn by the "poor whites." Most of the Scotch homespuns are make in steam mills, as are many of the Irish. From a commercial standpoint they are better cloths than those made by hand, but they lack the individuality of the latter, and are not so artistic.

BIG MAILS FROM THE WEST.

Members of Congress from Beyond the Mississippi Get the Most Letters.

It is interesting to note the striking differences in amount and degree that characterize the correspondence of representatives from different sections of the country, says the Washington Star. The mail of representatives from the New England and South Atlantic states is comparatively light, that of representatives from the middle states is moderate, or "from fair to middling," and that of the western, northwestern and southwestern states is exceedingly heavy. In other words, it seems that the people of the older states, particularly of the thirteen original states, which had their existence before the union was established, lean but lightly upon the federal government and have but few wants to express in correspondence to their representatives at Washington, while residents of the newer states, whose state governments were erected simultaneously with their admission into the union, are apt to look to Washington for nearly everything they want. In the old states along the Atlantic seaboard the people by instinct and tradition rely upon themselves and upon their state governments, while in the later admitted states, especially those beyond Illinois to the north, south and west, as for example Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri, the people appear by custom to be more dependent upon the general government. Particularly is this the case in states where conditions of acute unrest and dissatisfaction prevail from industrial or financial causes. There the people have become habitually clamorous in their demands upon congressmen to procure them pensions, sustenance and situations, to remedy and redress their wrongs, real or imagined, to lighten their burdens, to mitigate their woes and to do other things by legislation and influence at Washington which can only be done by the exertion of individual effort and independence. Again, on the other hand, the southern people in the main bother their congressmen very little by writing letters.

From Below.

Pat and Mike were working on a new hotel which was being built up town. It was the duty of each to respond to the calls of "more brick" and "more mort," but there was an intense rivalry between them as to which should carry the fewer loads.

One day Pat was going up the ladder with Mike just behind and directly underneath. Suddenly Pat stopped and refused to proceed up or down. Mike, however, preferred going up to standing still, for the bricks became heavier every minute, but in spite of his appeals his companion remained firm. At last the situation grew serious.

"In the divil's name, Pat, get out o' this," urged Mike from below.

"No, sor," came the obstinate reply.

"And do you be goin' to stay there all the night, mon?"

"Oi am."

"Thin, by the holy St. Patrick!" yelled Mike from below, but in his excitement forgetting this important fact. "if ye don't be afther movin' up Oi'll sphill down ivery brick in yer hod."—Boston Budget.

Better Bargain.

A once famous English barrister dearly loved lords and ladies of high degree, and took such pains to seek their company that he occasionally received a social buffet for his pains.

On arriving one day at Hamburg he learned that a distinguished member of parliament was staying at the hotel which he had selected. He at once called the waiter and offered him half a napoleon, at the same time requesting that a place might be reserved for him, at table d' hote, adjoining that of the noble lord. When dinner was served, however, he entered the room and found that the seat was already occupied. He summoned the waiter:

"Why was not that place reserved for me?" he demanded, angrily.

"Well, sir, I'm very sorry," replied the waiter. "You gave me half a napoleon to place you near his lordship, but he gave me a napoleon to put you on the further side of the table!"—Youth's Companion.

NEW FASHIONS.

Silk mull in black, white and colors is in demand for evening dresses.

Plain cloth in combination with fancy-figured wool or silk goods is a favorite combination.

A popular house costume or one for everyday wear is a skirt of black Priestley Henrietta cloth, with waist or blouse of India silk or surah.

A pretty dress finished for a young lady is a collar and yoke of net lace with a heavy deep frill of lace edging around the yoke. Deep flounces of lace edging finish the puffed sleeves.

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THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion. We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

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We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

LADIES!

Are you reckless enough to venture? If so send two cents in stamps to the *Mack Publishing Co.*, 528 and 530 Washington Street, New York, for one of their beautiful illustrated **"Ladies' Books."** It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps they will send postpaid a full set of their famous house hold game **Verba.**

For ten cents they will also send a book containing complete words of "The Mikado," and music of its most popular songs, together with ten exquisite chromo cards.

QUINEPTUS!

A very pleasing, harmless glycerinized aromatic compound for disguising the taste of quinine and other bitter drugs, either solid or fluid. Price, 75 cents per Pint Bottle. Prescribed by thousands of physicians in Europe and America. Formula accompanies every bottle. For Sale by Druggists.

Manufactured by
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ROYAL ELIXIR.

An elegant English pharmaceutic preparation for bilious, malarial and blood disorders; the result of over twenty-five years of most eminent scientific research.

Approved by the highest medical authorities in use in the hospitals in every part of Europe. Especially helpful to ladies, children and people of sedentary habits.

Entirely vegetable; free from harmful drugs.

In Handsome Packages, Price 50 Cts.

Prepared solely by
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ROYAL PILLS.

Same medicinal properties as Royal Elixir. In boxes, 30 pills to box, for 25 cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR!

Vinegar Bitters CORD.AL, delicious taste, 50c.
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The World's Great Blood Purifier and Life Giving Principle.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The past fifth of a Century the Leading Family Medicine of the World.

VINEGAR BITTERS

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is a Harmless, Positive Cure

for the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness and Leucorrhœa.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks the tendency to cancerous humors.

It removes faintness, flatulency, weakness of the stomach, cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion, also that feeling of Bearing down, causing pain, weight, and backache.

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WASTED POWER.

The Tremendous Idle Force in Our Vagabond Dogs.

An Interesting Paper by an American Official in Belgium on the Utilization of Canines for Industrial Purposes.

A rather unusual subject for a consular report is that chosen by Nicholas Smith, the American consul at Liege, in Belgium, who writes upon the use of dogs as draft animals in that country. It is a very interesting paper, says the Boston Herald, and it could be wished that it might have an influence in determining the future of the canine race in this country. Speaking of the working dog as the first attractive institution that attracts the attention of a stranger in Belgium, Mr. Smith says: "From time immemorial this hereditary loafer has been given over to pleasure, but like certain others of the privileged classes in this retrograding world of ours he has had his day, at least in Belgium."

It appears that Liege, which is a wealthy and industrial city employing as many horses as any other town of its size in Europe, shows at least two dogs in harness on its streets for every horse that can be seen. Dogs are employed by market gardeners, butchers, bakers, grocers, porters and expressmen. The dog's step is so much quicker than that of the horse that he will in an hour cover twice the distance and carry with him a greater tonnage in proportion to his size. Consul Smith says that a pretty, bareheaded Walloon peasant girl moving briskly at the side of a flower cart drawn by a tawny-wart mastiff is a pleasing vision to the early riser.

The usual draught of an ordinary dog is six hundred pounds, though a mastiff is often taxed with as much again. Dogs are also used in treadmills for moving light machinery. Here is a good hint for our farmers, who might turn their vagabond dogs to good account in the working of churning, etc. They also might be made valuable service in running the fanning mill, churning machine, pumping water, turning the cradle, grinding coffee and many other domestic work, where motive power could be made available. Consul Smith relates that a gentleman in Liege, after losing two of the legs, had a peg rambulator so constructed that a Danish hound, which had been his companion for years, could be hitched and almost concealed between the wheels, and now appears regularly at his old haunt on the boulevard as any of his old friends. The dog is described as being nearly as happy as when he loitered at his master's heels, but manifestly proud of the service he renders him.

Dogs as draught animals are utilized extensively in Germany and other parts of Europe, but Consul Smith says that in Belgium this is a comparatively new use for the dog, and one of the latest and most approved developments of that country's civilization. Dogs are kept like horses at livery in considerable numbers at a cost of from six cents a day, horse flesh and black bread forming the staple of their food. Where one or two dogs are kept in a family the cost is practically nothing, and their service is made very valuable.

Experiments of breeding, like those which have been so successful in the improvement of horses, are now being made with dogs to produce a strong animal especially fitted for harness. It is thought a desideratum to graft the splendid chest and breathing capacity of the bull dog upon the stalwart strength of the mastiff, which has been bred too long in the back and legs. There are markets in Belgium where dogs are bought and sold for draught purposes, as horses are at Tattersalls, and it is not unusual for a compactly built and well-broken dog to bring twenty to twenty-five dollars.

Consul Smith points out that a force equal to that of Niagara is running to waste in the United States at the very heels of the people. He estimates that in our wasted dog power we have an idle force in America of at least three billion, five hundred million pounds; reckoning the strength of a dog at five hundred pounds, which is probably much below the average. The consul says that there is not an article of merchandise, from a ton of coal to a loaf of bread, sold in any of our cities, which might not be more advantageously delivered by dogs than by horses, and he points out that in their employment a certain municipal advantage would be gained, for the litter made by horses is the most fruitful source of dirt in our city, besides nothing of the great saving in the wear and tear of pavements.

Consul Smith presents the case in favor of the industrial utilization of dogs very well, indeed, and, although it may not be found practicable in this country, owing to our different methods of doing things, nevertheless it might be worth while to try the experiment. If somebody would make a good start and prove successful, it is likely that the example would be widely followed. It is no cruelty to the dog to give him useful occupation, and, in fact, the testimony is that he really likes it. If dogs could generally be made so healthily tired by useful work all the day that they would sleep soundly at night, the inhabitants would be hailed with joy by hundreds of thousands of people all over the country whose peace is disturbed by their nocturnal yelping and howling. It would be a boon equal to the suppression of our annual Fourth of July racket!

FISH, SNAKES AND GHOSTS.

A whale's throat is so small you could choke him with your fist, and he feeds on the smallest things in the sea.

A ghost at Holton, Kan., outran the sheriff and two deputies and left part of its gunny-sack raiment on a wire fence in its haste to get inside the pearly gates the other night.

Tramps who have once visited a certain farmhouse near Buckham, Ia., never call there a second time. It is protected by a tame rattlesnake, whose vigilance is equal to that of the best watch-dog.

A small boy, living in the upper part of New York state, having heard his father say that it was a poor rule that would not work both ways, baited a hook with a fish and went out to catch some worms.

At St. Francis, Fla., a sportsman, being out of bait, lit a bull's-eye lantern and displayed the light on the water. In a few minutes' time a large bass jumped into his boat, evidently being attracted by the light.

It is said that a female codfish will lay 45,000,000 eggs during a single season. Piscatorial authorities say that were it not for the work of the natural enemies of fish, they would fill all the available space in the seas, rivers and oceans.

The largest salmon which has reached London for a number of years past was exhibited the other day in Bond street. It was a male, was captured in the Tay, and turned the beam at sixty-eight pounds. The measurements were: Length, fifty-three inches; girth, thirty and one-half inches.